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FEB 2 1939

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XVII. No. 413 (New Series) SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1939 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

BETWEEN Franco and Barcelona there are now two fortified positions. To the first of these running roughly in a straight line from the sea at Villanueva through Igualada to Pons on the Segre river, the Republican left made good its retreat after the insurgent break-through at Valls rendered Tarragona untenable. The second line of defence runs in more or less the same direction, but is fifteen miles nearer Barcelona. The rebels on Wednesday captured Pons, but have so far failed to make any appreciable progress in the upper Segre sector which runs up to the French frontier and covers the remaining hydro-electric supplies of Barcelona and the road into France at Puigcerda. Thus, so long as its right wing holds, the Republican army's left could theoretically pivot back to Gerona and ultimately the Pyrenees—at the cost, of course, of abandoning Barcelona. The alternative tactic—a rear-guard action fought right into Barcelona—would obviously involve the danger of leaving the northern army on the Segre "in the air." If Franco's crushing artillery superiority succeeds in forcing the Villanueva-Pons line, this vital decision of strategy may have to be made, but for the moment his advance is checked.

The British Note to Japan

The British Government has at long last made up its mind to speak plainly and firmly to Japan. And the Note presented in Tokio is all the more significant in that it shows that this country is in line with the United States. It points out that Japan's "peace terms" are blatantly inconsistent with her pledges to respect China's integrity and sovereignty. It declares emphatically that Great Britain stands by the Nine-Power Treaty and will not recognise a one-sided modification of its terms, nor any other "changes brought about by force." Finally, the Japanese Government is asked to inform us if it has any "constructive suggestions" to make, or any more precise explanations of its policy to offer. Nobody, of course, expects an immediate and satisfactory answer to this invitation. But the Note, coupled with the American Note of a few weeks ago, does, we hope, mean that some concerted action is at last contemplated against this brutal and dangerous aggression. We referred a week or two ago to the possibility of such action, and Dr. Wellington Koo in the League Council on Tuesday was pressing once more for it. The League Powers have played a sorry part indeed in the Far East. But Dr. Koo argued convincingly that it is not by any means too late even now to adopt measures, including a boycott of Japanese goods and an embargo on the supply of aeroplanes and petrol,

which would be effective in preventing the destruction both of Chinese freedom and of legitimate foreign interests in China.

Troubles of the League Council

The eloquence of the Chinese delegate is no more likely now than in the past to produce any practical result at Geneva. If anything is to be done in the Far East it will be first and mainly through Anglo-American co-operation; the League has become little more than a name and a shadow. The present meeting of the Council indeed is a melancholy spectacle. Besides the Chinese question it has had to take stock of several other troubles in which it is completely helpless. It has discussed the position of Danzig, where the new anti-Jewish and other Nazi laws are clear infringements of the "Free City's" constitution. It has not decided, as we write, whether Dr. Burckhardt, the High Commissioner, shall be withdrawn in protest. Mr. Butler reported on the steps which the British Government is taking to solve the problem of Palestine, and asked for an extraordinary meeting of the Permanent Mandates Commission next May to consider the proposals which it is hoped will issue from the London Conference. What these proposals will be nobody as yet has any idea. The Conference itself is still in the future, owing to the intransigence of the Mufti and the difficulty in getting representatives of the Palestinian Arabs approved by him.

Bombs—Present and Future

The series of synchronised explosions which took place this week in London, Manchester and Birmingham recalls the days of 1884 and the Fenian dynamiters. Whether the outrages were inspired, as newspaper accounts have suggested, by I.R.A. extremists remains to be proved; whatever be their origin or motive, they represent a form of pointless terrorism. The people of this country do not lack confidence in the ability of the police to stop these attempts at "suasion by bomb"; their minds are much more exercised by doubts as to the efficacy of the Government's plans for protection against bombs from a different aggressor. Despite the devastating criticisms of constructional engineers, the scheme for providing illusory "unit shelters" goes forward; orders for 120,000 tons of steel have been placed. The vital question who is to be evacuated from vulnerable areas remains unanswered. The only fresh contribution to civilian defence policy comes from Sir John Anderson's adviser, Sir Auckland Geddes. He warns householders that in an emergency the Government's plans for food distribution "may not always work." It would be wise, therefore, to store "a little more food" in cupboards and even to bottle water—apparently at once! England, it seems, is to be saved still by private enterprise.

Food Storage and the Glut of Wheat

In Wednesday's *Times*, Sir Arthur Salter rightly linked up a policy of national food storage with the measures now in contemplation for dealing with an international glut of wheat. A World Wheat Conference is to meet to consider what is to be done about the accumulating surplus. Here is obviously a chance of acquiring large wheat supplies at a bargain price, and so building up an adequate food reserve. Sir Arthur puts the cost of getting a year's supply of various foodstuffs, equivalent to a year's wheat consumption, at an initial £70,000,000 investment, and an annual charge, including interest, of about £5,000,000. It may be argued that the Government did in fact make considerable purchases last year; but in the absence of new storage equipment or of any control over private supplies, it seems likely that these purchases were in fact largely offset by a fall in stocks privately held—that, in other words, the trade seized the chance of unloading its normal storage charges on to the Government. Our total stocks are still quite inadequate for meeting a serious emergency, and the opportunity of buying cheaply is too good to be missed.

Pressure From, and Upon, Downing Street

Mr. J. F. Wright, the farming candidate for East Norfolk, performed yet another of his famous withdrawals on nomination day. But he did not give way until he and the National Farmers' Union between them had wrung from Mr. Chamberlain a letter which made very large, though indefinite, concessions to the farmers' demands. The Government has been very severely frightened, not only over East Norfolk, but still more by the threat of a widespread split in the Conservative agricultural forces. Consequently, Mr. Morrison is now negotiating with the N.F.U. in the hope of working out a policy which the farmers will accept—probably at the expense of the consumers, for there is little prospect of the present Government tackling the high costs of distribution, and unless that is done the farmers can get more only if the consumers (or alternatively the taxpayers) foot the bill. Mr. Chamberlain put his plea to Mr. Wright to withdraw mainly on international policy, on which Mr. Wright firmly supports the Government. This left Mr. Wright in the position of being able to claim that there was nothing left to fight about once he had succeeded in impressing the Prime Minister with the urgency of the farmers' demands.

Sir Stafford Cripp's Manifesto

It was a misfortune for both parties concerned that Sir Stafford Cripps should have sent his new statement on policy to the constituent parties on the very day when the joint Labour and Co-operative campaign began. But if it coincided with a burst of activity by the Executive, it also coincided with the supreme crisis in Spain. Judicious indiscretion on the part of Sir Stafford's opponents has permitted us to know that he had only two supporters on the Executive, Miss Ellen Wilkinson and Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C. But undoubtedly there is far greater sympathy with his views among the local Labour Parties, many of which have already begun to put into practice locally that short-term co-operation of all the friends of democracy which he wishes to see adopted as the official policy of the Party. The manifesto itself, which has won the outspoken approval of the *Manchester Guardian*—previously a severe critic of Sir Stafford—is moderate in tone, and prefers persuasion to polemics. So far it has elicited a statement from Mr. Dallas accusing Sir Stafford of watering down the short-term programme, and a remarkable speech by Mr. Greenwood in which he claimed that "there can be no freedom apart from treading the path of nationalisation, public ownership and control," and

upbraided " those who are so weak in their loyalty to the movement as to think we need more intellectual and spiritual guidance." In normal times such a complacent rebuke would have its point, but Sir Stafford's unorthodox move was based on the realisation that the times were not normal, but desperate.

The League on Nutrition

The League of Nations continues to pursue its useful inquiries into the problem of nutrition. Its latest report on the subject stresses especially the need for a more diversified agricultural system in most of the peasant countries and in other countries producing largely for export. " Monoculture," as it has long been called in France, leads to monotony of diet and to a deficiency in protective foods. This deficiency exists almost everywhere, but is at its worst in the food exporting areas where standards of technique are relatively low. France, according to the report, appears to come off best in relation to the national income, largely because of the high genera' level of efficiency in the preparation of food. The United States, despite a high food expenditure, comes off badly in respect of nutrition, mainly because of wasteful choice and preparation. The Report quotes with approval the various cheap milk schemes in Great Britain ; but clearly, excellent as these are within their limits, they cannot counteract the effects of a general high price for liquid milk. The only ways of really improving standards of nutrition on any comprehensive scale are first the advancement of technique, the improvement of local transport, and the diversification of output in the more backward countries, and, secondly, a price policy in the industrial countries aiming at cheap and plentiful food rather than at scarcity as a means of raising farm incomes at the expense of the rest of the people.

Subsidies for Shipping

The shipowners are holding their mouths wide open. They want subsidies for practically every type of vessel, from the deep-sea liners to the coastwise tramps ; and they also demand that arrangements shall be made for a larger proportion of British timber imports, especially those coming from the U.S.S.R., to be carried in British ships. They demand further Government action in order to regulate competition between coastwise shipping and the railways ; and they want something done both to protect tanker tonnage against Scandinavian competition and to stop the Admiralty from building oil-tankers of its own instead of giving contracts for oil transport to private concerns. This series of claims is the shipowners' reply to the Government's declaration, some months ago, that it was prepared to help the industry to face unfair foreign competition aided by subsidies. The decline in freight rates since the boom of 1937 has admittedly been severe, the *Economist* index having fallen to less than 100 in recent months as compared with an average of 132 in 1937. But Parliament is likely to hesitate before sanctioning the addition of £9,000,000 a year for five years, as the shipowners want, to rearmament budgets. It is not that the shipping depression can be disputed. There is ample evidence of that in the dismal shipbuilding returns issued on Wednesday. Nor can it be denied that the maintenance of an adequate merchant marine is vital to Britain, and that tonnage is already at the irreducible minimum for safety. The difficulty is that national interests have to be served by subsidising individual firms whose aim, in a capitalist democracy, is, first and foremost, profit for themselves.

Conditions of Juvenile Employment

The " Youth Hearing," whose first session took place in the Caxton Hall last Saturday, is giving some useful publicity to the evils connected with juvenile employment. Sponsored by the British Youth Peace Assembly and organised entirely by young people, it has already collected evidence about the training of apprentices in the Clydeside engineering industry and the scandalous conditions in some tailoring and dressmaking establishments. The tendency for young people, by accepting blind-alley jobs, to flood the market with unskilled labour was shown by the inquiry to be largely due to the difficulties which apprentices experience in completing their training ; and a very reasonable demand was made for Government grants to encourage part-time technical education during working hours. Another witness pointed out that Great Britain still lags behind the standard laid down by the I.L.O. in the matter of the juvenile working week. So far from accepting the 40-hour week, the Government has not even ratified the provisions of the 48-hour week. Such facts should be more widely known and the British Youth Peace Assembly is to be congratulated on its energy.

The Unemployed Demonstrate

The vast army of the unemployed whose labour we need, but which it does not pay capitalism to employ, remains as a rule in contemporary Britain a mere shadow in the minds of comfortable people. In the morning papers the unemployed have ceased to have reality and become figures in a statistical table. In the evening papers they seldom exist at all. If they keep quiet they are ignored, and if they create a political noise they are subversive. But what if they lie down in the main streets of London and ask for tea in the Ritz? At once they are news ; properly timed they are front page news in the evening papers. In any case, the London Committee of the Workers Movement must feel, this is better than doing nothing, better than walking the streets as forgotten outcasts. Inside the ranks of the workers' organisations, however, there is a difference of opinion about the political utility of stunt tactics. On the one side it is argued that they at least remind the world of the failure of capitalism. On the other side critics say, they gain notoriety rather than serious political attention.

NEXT WEEK

The fourth of our series of conversations under the general title of Democracy and Efficiency will appear in our next week's issue. It will give the views of Mr. J M. Keynes. The former conversations with Mr. Herbert Morrison, Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George appeared in our issues of December 31st, January 7th and 14th.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is : Inland, 1d. ; Foreign, 1½d. ; Canada, 1d

THE ISSUE IN SPAIN

WHEN Franco launched his offensive at Christmas, one of the first Italian prisoners captured by the Spanish Government stated that he and his comrades had been told that they would land in Spain as the preliminary to the invasion of France. Whether the Italian troops had gained this impression merely from a perusal of the Italian press, or whether such an invasion is actually contemplated, we cannot say, but everyone who has studied the policy and tactics of the Fascist Powers knows that Italian intervention in Spain is designed to paralyse France and Britain as well as to destroy Spain.

The war against the West began when Italian and German soldiers, aeroplanes and munitions landed in Spain in the summer of 1936. If Spain remained a democratic or Socialist country closely tied to France, itself united with Russia and Czechoslovakia, a balance of power existed in Europe, and increases in the German and Italian territory could only be won by agitation. The system had all the vices of the old balance of power which had been superseded by the League of Nations. Unfortunately the League itself was used rather to maintain French hegemony than to build up a peaceful system in Europe. Now the wheel has come full circle. With the League destroyed, Europe had either to return to the ancient system of balance or to give Hitler a predominance such as Europe has not known except in the days of Napoleon. The Munich settlement freed Germany in the East and opened the way to the Balkans and the U.S.S.R. In the West, where *Mein Kampf* decrees the destruction of France, there was still a chance for democracy to survive if Britain and France were true to the Spanish Republic. But the victory of Franco meant a France beleaguered on three sides, with her communications to Africa highly precarious; it meant that neither the British nor French Empires would be defensible. For M. Daladier to shout about defending Tunis with Spain passed over to the Fascists is unimpressive rhetoric.

The last act of this drama was planned for Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Rome. It was to be as decisive for the West as Munich had been decisive for the East. That the conversations with the Duce have not been spectacular is due to the astonishing resistance put up by the Spanish Government. Even now Barcelona is not captured, the Spanish army remains intact and there is no immediate prospect of the war ending. The Republic is hard pressed, vitally short of the munitions and aeroplanes that, under the cover of non-intervention, have been poured in to the support of its enemy. Because flesh and blood cannot alone resist bombs and artillery, it has been driven back, but it is not defeated. In the circumstances the Rome conversations could only be hypothetical and non-committal, but their substance is clear enough. Mussolini, confident of giving Franco his victory, may no longer have minded very much about belligerent rights, and he was, of course, happy to agree to withdraw Italian troops at the end of the war. Whether such a promise means anything we need not conjecture; for two years the Non-intervention Committee has been listening to such promises, broken as often as they were made. Why Mr. Chamberlain should think it worth while to repeat these assurances either in this country or at the Quai d'Orsay we need not trouble to ask. The Duce will, of course, do exactly what seems most expedient to him. What that will be must depend on the resistance still encountered among the Spanish people and, in the event of Franco's victory, on the troubles that arise between the groups that have supported him. Mussolini might not find it necessary to leave large bodies of men in Spain; he might be content, as Germany is content, with the stranglehold of the secret police and with control of mineral wealth and strategical positions. In any case, France would be helpless, the "two million" Spaniards whom Franco lists as his enemies would be disposed of, and that large section of the Italian population which has been growing increasingly restive since the arrival of German troops on the Brenner would be quieted by a further proof of the expansionist prowess of the new Roman Empire. In that case the British and French Governments will have taken the final step in the policy begun in 1931 and continued in 1935 and 1937. They will have finally taken the decision to abandon the principles on which European civilisation rests and incidentally will have put their own independence at the mercy of strong and ruthless men.

At this eleventh hour common people in France and Britain are ready to furnish help; the demand that aid should be sent to their friends in Catalonia has been widely and nationally expressed and it has been reinforced by soldiers and sailors who still mind about old-fashioned considerations such as their nation's independence. Collections of food for Spain have been doubled and quadrupled in the last weeks and in Britain there is a strong demand for last-minute aid for Spain. Mr. Chamberlain has refused Mr. Attlee's appeal for the immediate recall of Parliament. In France M. Bonnet's continuous prevarications have now been fully exposed in the Chamber, where M. Blum led a concerted attack on the least reputable of French Foreign Ministers—and in saying that we do not forget M. Laval. The vote was lost and, though M. Daladier was clearly far from comfortable, the French Cabinet has decided not to give any aid to its sister Republic. To ensure this result there have emerged the same unsavoury mixture of forces that appeared at the time of Munich. It is no idle gossip that names the figures paid by Italy and Germany to buy the Paris press for Fascism. Every argument, however tortuous, every lie, however threadbare, that will serve the purpose is revived to show that France dare do nothing to help her friends and may safely trust her enemies. M. Flandin and his group of the extreme Right emerge from their lairs once again with the precious argument that, according to the sacred principles of morality, France must keep her non-interventionist pledge however often Italy may have broken hers. It would be simpler to recall the dictum that M. Flandin is one of those who would welcome Hitler in Paris provided he could force the French workman to work a 50-hour week.

Finally as the decisive consideration comes the appalling threat that to help Spain will be the signal for general war. The Führer and the Duce know their time and their men; to Mr. Chamberlain's anxious solicitations in Paris they add their more impressive threats of dire consequences should France allow any of the materials of self-defence to slip across the frontier.

The battle is not yet lost; Spain fights on and Spain has given the world many surprises. No sort of mediation

seems possible because, though the Spanish Government has continually declared its readiness to come to terms with Franco if the foreign invaders were withdrawn, Mussolini, as Lord Halifax has told us, has always been determined on a complete victory for Fascism. If that ambition is fulfilled more will die in Europe than the Spanish Republic.

AFRICA FACES FASCISM

WHY are the French compelled to defend Tunisia against the appetites of Italian Fascism? Its riches are not the stake for which these Powers contend. The country, as a whole, is arid. Its southern region is a desert, and its peasantry rejoices if one harvest in five is abundant. Wheat and the vine will flourish in the north and the olive is everywhere at home, but even these demand costly efforts of irrigation. There are, to be sure, valuable deposits of phosphates. But the general impression, when the traveller leaves the coast for the interior, is one of poverty. The animals, even after generous rains, are visibly half-starved. The natives shiver in rags, when the wind is chilly, round their miserable hovels. In the holy city of Kairouan, amid the mosques that recalled a once splendid past, a third of the population depend on the French authorities for relief of one kind or another. It is probable that if the State were to adopt a more enterprising programme of irrigation, it could extend the area under cultivation, and do much to cure this obtrusive poverty. But the soil has suffered from centuries of erosion, and only a lavish expenditure of capital could restore the prosperity of the distant past. On that condition room might be found for some scores of thousands of Italian settlers. But the attraction of Tunisia for Fascist Imperialism is not primarily economic.

The driving idea of Mussolini's policy of expansion is manifestly strategic. Tunisia has in Bizerta the finest naval harbour of the African coast. If these shores, with their several ports of the second rank, were under the Roman flag, the Mediterranean would become indisputably an Italian sea. If the Power that governs Sicily held Bizerta also, it could close these sea-roads to the fleets and commerce of every other Power. One need not dispute the genuine anxiety of the Fascist State to find outlets for its surplus population; nor under a system of autarchy is a province to be despised that can export wheat. None the less, when one strives to unravel Fascist policy, the stress is always on power. From that standpoint the importance of Tunisia is no illusion. The master of its coasts would command the main highway of the Old World.

The Italian colony of Tunisia serves as the vanguard of this forward march. Nothing was further from its original purposes than conquest. Eighty in every hundred of these Italian settlers are manual workers, whose sole ambition is to earn their bread. The most prosperous of them are peasants, who have cultivated their vineyards for nearly a century in the relatively fertile country round Cape Bon. The rest are fishermen, masons, miners and labourers. Their numbers at a total of 94,000 are now inferior to the total of French citizens, which stands at 108,000. This latter figure includes, however, some Algerians and about 30,000 Italians who have acquired French nationality. The number of these deserters is likely to grow, since there is a big and influential Jewish element in the Italian colony.

The sharpening of this instrument of penetration began after M. Laval concluded with the Duce the treaty that was cancelled the other day. It prolonged for another thirty years the period during which the Italians of Tunisia may retain their Roman citizenship and with it their peculiar status. The staff of the Italian consular service was reinforced. The children in the subsidised royal schools rose from three to nearly fifteen thousand. Uniforms were served out to them; motor cars collected them from the remoter villages; canteens were established for their use and they were drilled in the Fascist Balilla. The political police known as O.V.R.A. soon made its presence felt. The Italian workers were withdrawn from the French "syndicats" (Trade Unions) and organised by Dopolavoro. The handsome buildings of the Consulate at Tunis are daily thronged by indigent and unemployed Italian workers, who in this city alone receive relief from its funds to the number of 9,000. A militant daily paper, the *Unione*, carries on a violent polemic against the French administration, and until the other day processions of black shirts were tolerated.

How far these Italian settlers are won for Fascism it is impossible to guess. In chance contacts I met with critical individuals. There is, moreover, a gallant little group of Italian democrats which struggles against this regimentation and for friendship with the French. But the pressure is for the vast majority irresistible. Partly by coercion, partly by lavish benefits, partly by pervasive propaganda, this Italian colony is being forged into a tool of penetration that will serve the Duce's purposes.

This situation is difficult, because it is complicated both by large ambitions and by bitter memories. The Italian colony is the older and was for long the more numerous of the two. Rome aspired to the protectorate which Gambetta actually snatched. In retrospect the present rulers of Italy resent the weakness of their fathers who surrendered after Adowa some of the privileges that Italians originally enjoyed under the old system of extraterritorial "capitulations." To this, with the right to be judged by Italian law in consular courts, their extremists would now return. The grievances of which they complain are incidental to the status of foreigners to which they cling. It is true that they are ineligible for any public posts, however modest. It is probably true that their firms receive no contracts, or very few. They have no representation, as their French neighbours have, on the Grand Council that serves as a sort of legislature. From this inferior status they can of course escape, as many have done, by accepting French nationality. But that easy solution is the last that Fascism is disposed to favour. One cannot blame the French, who watch the drilling of these closed formations, hostile, unassimilable and foreign in their political thinking, if they shrink from conceding to this army of penetration either official posts or legislative influence. Nationalism carried to this extreme, when it is backed by military threats, banishes every disposition to compromise. In Tunisia it is in fact the French parties of the Left who oppose most stoutly any thought of concession. If anyone inclines to a settlement by compromise it is Big Business and the parties of the extremer Right. They welcome the wedge that Fascism has driven into the solidarity of the organised workers.

Tunisia, since M. Daladier's visit, has rallied for the defence of the French empire in Africa, of which it is the frontier province. The task would be easier if the relations of the French authorities and the wealthier colonists with the Arab population were happier. There is, it is true, no social or racial barrier. The French mix socially with the Arabs on a footing of good manners and at least superficial equality, as Anglo-Saxons never would. The Tunisians are a backward, tranquil, placid people, to whom obedience comes easily. But they, too, have their national consciousness, which has already organised them for the milder forms of revolt. This movement, which takes for its name the Arab word *destour*, meaning constitution, describes itself as liberal. Its programme asks in rather vague terms for democratic representation, for equality between the Arabic and French languages, for universal and compulsory education, for a system of taxation less onerous for the masses, for the separation of the judicial and administrative powers of the officials and for sundry measures of social reform based on French models. This movement is led by the younger Arab intellectuals, many of them teachers, and its strength lies chiefly in the smaller middle class and among the peasants. It claims 88,000 paying members, a large number in an impoverished and largely illiterate Arab population of 2½ millions. The native land-owning aristocracy stands aloof, since it has suited French

policy to wink at its corruption and exploitation, and it is loyal without qualification. With this creditable exception, the Destourian movement speaks for the mass of the Arab population.

The social picture behind this programme is unattractive. Under the ambiguous protectorate system the French govern rather too little than too much. The caids and sheikhs of the old ruling class, who manage the natives, are administrators, judges and tax-gatherers in one. The Grand Council has two chambers and may be overruled. In the French chamber the special representation of chambers of commerce and mines assures a conservative majority. The same result is attained in the Arab chamber by nomination from above. The Budget reflects the power of the propertied interests. The revenue is drawn mainly from indirect taxes on articles of daily use; there is no income tax and the personal tax which replaces it ceases to be graduated above an income level of £600. The State has in consequence no adequate revenues for development or for the social services. One cannot blame the enlightened French officials if little is done for the irrigation of the lands held by the natives. Nor is the director of education at fault, though there are only 45,000 native children at school, against 400,000 for whom there is no provision. The traditional system of land tenure sanctions abuses which the French have left, after half a century, untouched. The native share-cropper, if he can supply neither seed nor a beast for the plough, receives as the reward of his labour only a fifth of the crop. This may suffice in a good year to feed him, but such harvests fall only once in every four or five seasons. In these years the labourer can live only as the owner's debtor, and while his debt remains Tunisian law binds him to serve his master. This sombre picture would be incomplete without a word of recognition for the good work of the French as engineers and road-builders. Of the French teachers the Arabs spoke with unstinted enthusiasm.

In such a society the formation of a national opposition is salutary and inevitable. Whether the tactics of the Destourians were wise is a question on which I need pronounce no judgment. An attempt at a general strike failed in the autumn of 1937. There were riots in Tunis in April 1938, during which some young hotheads used revolvers and provoked firing with heavy casualties. Thereafter the movement with its newspapers was suppressed and its leaders flung into prison. There the national hero, Bourghiba, still lies with several of his lieutenants, as yet untried. The organisation lives, none the less, active and unbroken, below the surface.

This movement with a little generosity and some readiness to hasten inevitable reforms could still be conciliated. These Arabs have their grievances against the French colonists, but to France they are still loyal and even friendly. Certainly no Arab would run the risk of exchanging French for Italian rule. Refugees of their own race from Libya have given it an ill name. But the French presume too much on the passivity of this unwarlike population. This movement is as yet in its infancy; it will not grow milder. With Fascism, it may be, there can be and ought to be no compromise. But these Arab nationalists have asked in the main for reforms from which Tunisia has everything to gain. This province cannot be held by concrete forts alone. Its best defence would be a hopeful population.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

A ROME DIARY

MR. CHAMBERLAIN stood up very straight by the side of the Duce to watch the manoeuvres in the Forum Mussolini. He had been through the ceremony of the Unknown Warrior in the morning and may well have been tired by the time the conversation about Spain began at 5.30. For an hour and a quarter the girls did gymnastic dances; the *balilla*, some no more than eight years, drilled like guardsmen, and the young Fascists from the military academy did complicated manoeuvres, culminating in the *passo romano*—the Italian name for the very German institution commonly known as the goose-step. Two things especially I noticed; perhaps Mr. Chamberlain noticed them too. The first was that the goose-step is a new importation into Italy and a symbol of much else that is being imported from the same quarter; and the second that this Nazi penetration is detested by everyone one meets in Italy. Italian Fascism has always been tempered by a certain moderation; it is not an insanity nor a religious exaltation. It is an extreme form of imperialism owing allegiance to an astute statesman whom the bourgeoisie regard as their saviour from Bolshevism; it has been brutal to its enemies at home and perhaps even more savage than British or French imperialism have ever been to the blacks they have exploited. But the repression has never been absolute; there has always been whispered discussion, and although the masses may see no papers and hear no propaganda unpleasing to the regime, there is a remarkable co-operative movement and an active, if strictly limited, life within the Syndicate. Moreover there has been no burning of books and the educated have continued to speculate and to smile cynically upon the pretences and excesses of the new Roman Empire. The country, drilled though it is, has never yet quite learned the goose-step. It is a very exhausting form of drill; after twenty steps the young Fascists were breathing hard and sweating as they passed by, proud no doubt to display their precision before the Duce and the British Premier, but inwardly swearing, their faces suggested, at this strenuous exercise so foreign to the easy-going nature of Italians. Not yet Nazis, they were whispering to each other before they were off the drilling ground, round which, beyond the tiers of allotted seats, happy little boys, like British urchins on the trees lining a football field, watched the display from the heads and shoulders of the colossal marble statues which Mussolini has erected to remind the new Rome of its ancient virility.

* * *

Standing near me on the station platform when Mr. Chamberlain arrived were a number of men in something that looked like naval uniform. They were not soldiers, nor were they Mussolini's special Black Guards, nor ordinary Blackshirts, nor *Carabinieri*. No, I was told, they were just ordinary civil servants, post office officials and the like, who had all been put into uniform since Himmler's recent visit to Rome. Italians told me this with a wry smile, as another example of Nazification. That led on to a discussion of the Jewish persecution. There are only 40,000 odd Jews in Italy and no genuine anti-Semitism. That too is a German importation. And now they are beginning to ask how Hitler will also force Mussolini into an imitation of his anticlerical policy. He cannot go far, they explain, because the Church means so much in a country whose people are still *dévots* and *croyants*. We shall see. In any case everyone knows that the Vatican is anxious and that the Pope expressed himself in very strong terms to Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax about the persecution of the Jews and the danger of the new Nordic heresy from the North. They tell you in Italy to-day that the Unknown Warrior leaves his tomb at nights and wanders about the streets of Rome. The ghost explains to those who stop him that he is thinking of leaving Rome because he cannot be sure whether or not he is wholly Aryan.

* * *

To be the small end of the axis is not an enviable position, but the Italians do not see how to break loose from the German grip, and though the Spanish war is unpopular, it is some compensation to feel that with Germany kicking them from behind they can safely threaten the French. They usually put it to me like this. France dominated Europe for fifteen years after the war, Italy was cheated at the Peace Treaty and no concessions were peacefully made to what Count Ciano has recently called the "natural aspirations" of the Italian people. Hence new territory must be won by threats and if necessary by war. France and Britain, they will tell you, are decadent; their sun is setting; the future belongs to Germany and Italy. Recent history in Europe has proved it; it is not

a question of right and wrong, but of power and of the natural evolution of historical forces. Four great maps are displayed on a wall in the centre of Rome. The first shows a black world with a white spot which is the original Roman city; then we see the Roman Empire at its greatest, covering the entire Mediterranean basin, the Near East and France and England. Then there is the modern kingdom of Italy, and now finally a new empire in East Africa and Libya, poor, still unsubdued, but at least vast in territory. I asked the natural question. Is the new Empire to be the size of the old? How far are the Roman patches on the new map to extend? Are they to stop at rights which the virile can win from the decadent without war? My Fascist mentor could not tell me. He could only repeat that we were decadent. But, I said, if your claims are pushed to the point of war with Britain and France, may not you as well as ourselves be destroyed? He readily agreed. Presumably then, I said, at the end of the war somebody else will be virile and you, like us, will be decadent; perhaps it will be the blacks from Libya and Abyssinia who will arise, gloriously virile, over a decadent Europe? Will that too be in the logic of history?

* * * *

The English Ministers had very little, if any, time alone with the Duce. Count Ciano, the Duce's son-in-law, Foreign Secretary and talked of for the succession, was always there too. Count Ciano is, I think, as unpopular as the Duce is popular. He and Starace, the Secretary of the Fascist Party, increasingly represent in Italian eyes the German connection which they regard as disastrous. Hitler on the Brenner is a terrible blow to Italian pride; it means once again the threat of a domination which Italians only threw off 70 years ago. They will tell you privately that Mussolini has recently been too much taken up with an affair of the heart, that he has received no compensation for his help at Munich and that since he cannot break with Germany he must foster an attack on France to keep up the prestige of the regime. The Duce, they say, wants to go on draining marshes and building houses; he is a man of the people who taxes the rich and would like to benefit the poor, but who has fallen increasingly into the hands of rich men who cultivate the German connection for personal reasons and who make a very good thing out of the regime. In many ways the situation reminds me of our Tudor despotism. Its original success rested on ending civil war and curbing the robber barons, just as the Duce's popularity rests on having restored order and taxed and checked big private capitalists who are to-day's equivalent of the unruly nobles who once preyed on common people. Therefore at the beginning despotism is popular. Then comes the period of "favourites," the muttering of the people against oppression, finding expression in complaints, which ultimately proved fatal to the absolute monarchy in England, that the king himself was in the hands of foreigners.

* * *

The Rome talks were poor fare for the unfortunate correspondents of daily papers. Hours of waiting brought nothing except quite uninformative *communiqués*. Conversations were over already? Then it must have been a breakdown? No, nothing of the sort, for no bargain was attempted. Nothing but an exchange of views between Britain and Italy. Nothing had been "given away." Jokes about Mr. Chamberlain's tenacity in holding on even to his umbrella. There had been cries of *viva l'ombrello* in the street. Surely it was something that the British Premier should be popular in Rome as well as in Berlin? What ominous chatter all the correspondents felt this to be! In one respect it was very like the Stresa Conference, where the British Ministers got on splendidly with the Duce and never mentioned the really dangerous problem of Abyssinia. So here nothing seems to have been said about Tunis, Jibouti and the Suez; Mr. Chamberlain repeated the familiar warning about Britain and France being indissolubly linked in the event of war, but the actual result, as the German press naturally claims, was to drive a further diplomatic wedge between the two democracies. If there is an attack on Tunis and Britain complains, the Duce can no doubt make capital, as he did when sanctions began, out of the fact that he had had a conference with the British Ministers, who had made no protest against his imperial ambitions, which were not regarded as threatening to British interests.

* * *

Unfortunately this does not mean that the conference had purely negative results. The French cries of pleasure that "nothing has been given away" is surely a monumental example of national short-sightedness. For the two hours and twenty minutes in which formal conversations were carried on were not entirely devoted to the problem of refugees and to the avoidance of questions between France and Italy. Most of the time was spent discussing Spain. And here Mr. Chamberlain accepted Franco's speedy victory as necessary and congratulated himself on one more promise that the Italians would move out of Spain—at the end of the war. He is also believed to have discussed Four-Power conversations to follow Franco's victory, and he despatched Sir Eric Phipps to the Quai D'Orsay, with assurances that the Duce did not intend to make Spain an Italian colony. So France need not worry about the threat to French democracy if Franco conquers. Italians of course interpret all this as meaning that Britain will help to give them France's colonies. These three visits to Barcelona at Christmas, to Tunis at the New Year, and to Rome for Mr. Chamberlain's arrival, have made this tragedy almost unbearably vivid to me. In Barcelona the great offensive had begun; just outside common people in thousands were dying to maintain the liberties for which Englishmen and Frenchmen successfully fought through centuries of their history. In Tunis M. Daladier, inflating his chest to impress the world, shouted that France was invincible and would fight to maintain her empire. In Rome, amidst the gorgeous display of uniforms, the British Prime Minister, smiling complacently, walked by the side of the Duce with whom he had just agreed not to squabble when the time comes for riveting Fascism on to the necks of the Spanish people.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Rev. R. H. Bowyer Yin.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Go into any golf club and ask the vast majority of those who normally vote Conservative how much they subscribe to the party funds. No matter how much they spend on their week-end golf, they will begrudge £1 1s. per annum to the party which makes that golf possible.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*.

One consolation that the times of anxiety had brought were the visits of several of His Majesty's Ministers—the Home Secretary, Mr. Hore-Belisha, and even the Lord Privy Seal.

He [Alderman W. Foster] adapted Mr. Chamberlain's quotation from Shakespeare, "Out of this nettle danger, we pluck the rose of being able to entertain His Majesty's Ministers of State."—*Nottingham Evening Post*.

Why not a daytime smoke screen to cover the whole of England as a defence measure?—Letter in *Daily Mail*.

The Hon. Mrs. John Bowes-Lyon recommends Miss — of — for Dog Exercising. Permanent clients preferable.—Personal Advt. in the *Times*.

It is the business of the people living in the London area to be the bait drawing the enemy into the trap provided by our fighter squadrons, while balloon barrages and anti-aircraft guns drive him into the zone of battle. But be sure no bait will be effective if it is sealed up in tins, even if we call those tins "steel air-raid shelters."

Living in the midst of the huge work-class constituency of Mossley, Lancs, which I represent in Parliament, I have ample opportunities for gauging the feeling of the people . . .—Mr. Austin Hopkinson, M.P., in *Evening Standard*.

DRUGGED

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, "there has been a sharp rise during the past two years in the quantity of nerve-preparations and sleep-inducing drugs sold in Germany." This, it is said, "is directly traceable to the constant nervous strain imposed by the political events of recent months." One chemist, defying the purists, described the increase in the sales of these medicines as "phenomenal." Another authority, connected with the manufacture of drugs, admitted that there has been a rise in the sale of patent medicines of all kinds in recent years, but was less certain that nerve tonics in particular had increased their sales out of proportion. The correspondent, however, contends that the political situation affects the sales of all sorts of drugs—not only of patent medicines, for example, but of tobacco. Statistics prove, he tells us, that "the consumption of tobacco and cigarettes is strongly influenced by the political situation. The quantity of cigarettes and tobacco smoked in Czecho-Slovakia during the crisis period in September shows an enormous increase on the consumption in normal months."

If it is true that human beings can mitigate their anxieties in this way, how warmly the modern world is to be congratulated on the discovery of patent medicines and tobacco! Helen, as she looked out from the walls of Troy, had no packet of aspirin tablets to fall back on to calm her troubled thoughts. The Romans had no cigarettes to sustain them against the shock of the Carthaginian invasion. It is almost impossible to conceive how men and women endured crisis after crisis through all those drugless centuries and remained sane. Perhaps they were more inclined than we are to take it for granted that life must be miserable and achieved sanity through resignation. We, at least, do not take it for granted that life must be miserable. Every advertisement of a patent medicine is proof of this. Look at that picture of a man with an aching back: let him swallow a pill, or a quantity of pills, he is told, and he will be able to skip like an Easter lamb. See that other picture of the middle-aged man with the anguished, nerve-ridden face: he has but to swallow a tablet or two from a bottle before meals three times a day and we are assured that he will be rejuvenated and the joy of life be restored to him. If we were pessimists after the old fashion, we should not believe such things. But we do believe them. I certainly do. How often when in a gloomy frame of mind, have I been turned into a complete optimist by reading the advertisement of a patent medicine!

It is surprising that the manufacturers of tobacco have lagged so far behind the manufacturers of patent medicines in appealing to the hopes of mankind. So far as I can remember, no cigarette manufacturer has ever promised his customers anything more extravagant than that his wares will not affect their throats. Not a word about how tobacco keeps a man young, makes the muscles lissom, and induces healthful sleep. Tobacco, indeed, is one of the few things we consume that is not thrust upon our notice by the advertisers for our health's sake. Beer and stout are recommended to us as medicinal. Bread we are advised to eat more of because it gives us energy. The fruits of the earth—tomatoes, apples, oranges, lemons and carrots—have all become cures, and we eat them or drink their juices health-consciously. Fishmongers long ago learned how to increase their sales by spreading the rumour that fish was good for the brain. As for milk, it has become the elixir of life, and the modern man turns into a milk-bar as hopefully as into a chemist's shop. Tobacco, almost alone, we are allowed to buy merely for the pleasure it gives us and not because it will do us good.

This, I think, is a pity, for I am sure that tobacco would do us more good if we were told that it would do us good. How confidently we should go about our business during an influenza epidemic if we were smoking a cigarette advertised as "the cigarette that kills the influenza germ"! Should we not sleep better, too, after smoking a pipeful of Anti-Insomnia Mixture? Would not dyspeptics take a new pleasure in smoking if from all the hoardings there stared at them an enlarged photograph of a Eupeptic Cigar? I hold that the tobacco trade has failed in its duty in not using the enormous power of suggestion to deceive us into a feeling of good health. It has never even had the courage to issue a "Smoke More Cigarettes" poster. As a result most of those of us who smoke are left under the dangerous impression that we are enjoying a rather harmful drug.

It may be, of course, that the tobacco trade thinks that there is no need to advertise the medicinal effects of its goods. It may take the view that men have for generations known instinctively what tobacco was good for, and that there is no need to remind them that it is a sovereign antidote to worry and anxiety. That there may be something to be said for this view was suggested by an article written some time ago by a psychologist who maintained that the popularity of smoking was due to anxiety-neurosis. There is a good deal of evidence that the psychologist was right, but two things in particular make me doubt his conclusion. If men resort to smoking because of an anxiety-neurosis, how do we explain the fact that the first great smokers were one of the least nerve-ridden races of men yet known, the Red Indians? If, again, smoking is a cure for anxiety, how is it that in Western countries women, who are generally believed to be more subject to nervousness and anxiety than men, did not take to tobacco in great numbers till the twentieth century. I myself began to smoke in the least anxious period of my life when I was still a schoolboy. I was anxious only not to be sick, and that, unfortunately, is a form of anxiety for which smoking is no remedy.

Not that I wish to belittle the uses of tobacco. It is possible that, though we smoke mainly for pleasure we are all the time producing some sort of appeasement in our nervous system. The pipe of peace may be a phrase with a double meaning, and anyone who seriously considers the situation in Europe to-day must find himself wishing at times that the habit of smoking were universal. It is certainly a significant fact that all the world is preparing for war to-day mainly because two non-smokers have made themselves dictators. Because of the unappeased nerves of two non-smokers, millions of men and women all over Europe are smoking far too heavily. When one reflects on these things, one cannot help wondering at times whether smoking ought not to be made an essential part of the secondary education. The non-smoker is often praised as a model of abstinence—I have praised him as such myself—but, if the existence of one non-smoker means that millions of people must smoke to excess because of his insuppressible state of nerves, I cannot see what the world gains from his self-denial. Moralists say that we should not dope ourselves, but the reply to this is that dope makes men more optimistic or, in other words, that while there is dope there is hope.

One of the greatest achievements of the modern world, it seems to me, is discovery of so many comparatively innocent forms of dope. There are patent medicines that are actually harmful, we are told, but nine out of ten of them, I cannot help thinking, are excellent abettors of faith, hope and charity without doing us any counterbalancing injury. We ought, of course, to be able to cultivate these virtues without the aid of drugs, as saints and philosophers have done throughout the ages, and it is open to question whether the world has benefited to any great extent as a result of turning in search of faith from the church to the chemist's shop. Still, drugs the modern world must have. How many readers go for daily dope to their newspapers, and feel braced up on reading once more that there is no need to worry! I myself am aware of a wave of unreasonable optimism in my veins even when I read the sugary dope of an astrologer. I feel, for the time being, as happy as an ostrich with its head in the sand. Such intelligence as I possess tells me that it is nonsense to believe everyone who says "All's well"; but we of the ostrich way of thinking, are simple in our faith almost

to the point of imbecility. Whether our existence is a peril to the community or a benefit, I am not quite sure. I sometimes think that, if we did not drug, dope and deceive ourselves in various more or less innocent ways, we should be even a greater nuisance than we are. Y. Y.

PENNED IN PRISON

Now that prison reform is enjoying its periodical airing—much as a prisoner is conducted from his cell to the exercise yard—I would like to urge the restoration of a right which earlier prison reformers have taken away from English convicts. In the old, unreformed prisons, prisoners had full liberty to write down their thoughts and, in the past, they have contributed their share to the literature of the world. But in our modern, well-regulated prisons that privilege is denied.

Students of the period of repression following the Napoleonic wars—a period which greatly resembles our own time—will recall the activities of Richard Carlile who helped to win the freedom of the press. He spent much time in gaol for selling subversive literature, but this did not prevent him from adding to it there. He sat in his cell pouring out letters, denunciations and appeals. Sometimes these were framed as indictments of his judges, one was a scornful open letter to Queen Victoria. In any case these writings reached the public for which they were intended. And apparently it never occurred to his gaolers to put a stop to this. A prisoner was then allowed to have rights of expression.

Now a prisoner is restricted to his periodical prison letter in which he is not permitted to discuss prison affairs or public matters. As a Prison Governor informed me, when objecting to one of my letters, these letters are granted for the sole purpose of enabling a prisoner to keep in touch with his "respectable friends." My crime was that I had written one or two verses on the prison notepaper of which—probably on grounds of metre—he disapproved. How far we have travelled from earlier days may be gauged from that excellent *Prison Anthology*—a collection of prison writings made by Reginald Reynolds and A. G. Stock, and published by Jarrolds at 12*s.* 6*d.* This volume shows how deeply indebted is the world to the men and women who used prison as a place and opportunity to cut, shape and polish their diamonds of thought. Poets, philosophers, novelists, historians have done some of their best work in gaol. Marco Polo, John Bunyan, Dostoievsky, Voltaire, Verlaine, O. Henry, Ernst Toller, Cervantes, Roger Bacon, are a few names taken at random from the host of prison stars that shine through the bars.

These men were all writers, artists of the pen. But others, who had never written a line before they entered prison, found inspiration in their wrongs or in the strength of their emotions. Solitude helped them to draw from their souls just those burning words which communicate their thoughts and feelings. Take the last letter of Bartolomeo Vanzetti, an almost illiterate Italian, who, with his friend Sacco, was a pitiful example of American injustice. Who would not be moved by his statement made before entering the electric chair?

> If it had not been for these thing, I might have live out my life talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. . . . Our words, our lives, our pains —nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoe maker and a poor fish peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph.

It is quite likely that our efficient, discreet and silent prison system would have prevented that last cry of justification, of triumph—and of innocence. No doubt many statements and writings of value have been strangled in this way. Even more orthodox criminals may have something of value and interest to record. Sententious—and a little precious—though it may be, I like the outpouring of this tinker burglar:

> My name is Paddy Quirke, I am a burglar; not a vulgar, venal sort of burglar, without a thought beyond easy money; but an earnest young burglar whose breast throbs with the noble ambition to raise burglary to a fine art. . . . Could any poet, though he dipped his pen in the blood of nightingales and inscribed his sonnets upon passion flower petals, lay claim to a more transcendental medium?

How Paddy Quirke managed to get this out of gaol is one of the secrets of his profession into which I do not intend to probe.

In modern times, American prison writers have left their British colleagues far behind. There is a well defined prison literature in America. I am not referring only to such books as Booth's *Stealing Through Life* or A. L. Jenning's *Through the Shadows With O. Henry*. There is also what might be called the correspondence course for beginners. American convicts may contribute to prison journals such as the *Sing Sing Bulletin*, the *San Quentin Magazine* or the *Texas Echo*. In British gaols all such magazines are *sub rosa*, as was the case with a journal which I myself edited, and which passed from cell to cell.

I can speak with some authority on the practice in English gaols, for I have been in three. During my first two months in Wormwood Scrubs I wrote a novel on the prison slate, rubbing it out as I went along. This helped to while away the tedium of my solitary confinement. But I will always feel that a masterpiece has been lost to the world. Later I patiently pricked out verses with a pin on brown lavatory paper until one day my poor substitutes for writing were discovered and confiscated. I petitioned the Home Office for writing materials, but, after about three months, I was informed in the best official manner that the Commissioners regretted that they could not accede to my request.

Now what possible objection can there be to a prisoner exercising his mind and his pen in gaol? Surely this is a form of mental and moral regeneration counteracting that stagnation which is one of the greatest dangers in prison. And, as things are, a prisoner who may be a modern Bunyan is sacrificed to ignorant Bumbledom. A barrier has been raised to any prison pilgrim's progress in the future.

For the benefit of the reader, no less than the prisoner, I urge that the practice of writing in gaol—so long an unquestioned right of prisoners—should be restored. This is a matter which the Pen Club or some similar body concerned with the things of the mind might take up, for unquestionably literature must have suffered enormously since prisoners have been forbidden to use their enforced leisure to add to the written word.

In these days of repression and uncertainty, we never know how long any of us will stay out of prison. Dictators may object to the colour of our hair. So we should pay some attention to prison reform. Many of the proposals of these reformers leave me unmoved. I have no strong personal objection to solitary confinement, though I realise it has a very harmful and terrifying effect upon some prisoners. I have noticed, however, that prison conditions are definitely harmful to the warders who, as a class, are very morose. Besides having to stay in prison for life, these warders are compelled to think about the petty routine of prison continuously. It is a serious matter for them—a question of bread and butter. For most prisoners it is merely an irksome interlude. The prisoner who is a reader or a writer can soon read or write himself beyond the four walls of his narrow cell. All he wants is the right to write. To restore this ancient privilege which has been filched from him by reforming busybodies is a task of atonement awaiting prison reformers to-day.

R. M. Fox.

EPITAPH ON A TYRANT

Perfection, of a kind, was what he was after,
And the poetry he invented was easy to understand;
He knew human folly like the back of his hand,
And was greatly interested in armies and fleets;
When he laughed, respectable senators burst with laughter,
And, when he cried, the little children died in the streets.

W. A. Auden

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI MALUM

The League . . . identified change with aggression, forgetting that what is called aggression may be the only remedy against . . . injustice.—Scrutator, *Sunday Times*, January 15th.

With every diminishing Session
The League is more clearly to blame
For classing as acts of aggression
The Fascist's legitimate claim;
The habit of joint accusations
At each insignificant rape
Provoking the mass violations
Now changing the Continent's shape.

This ideologic position
Could not but alarm and estrange
Ex-members who urged recognition
For armed methods of peaceable change.
Now causes of crisis are fewer
While peace remains almost intact
Much water has flowed through the sewer
Since Laval sold the League for a pact.

The League was a palpable blunder,
A perfectly hopeless ideal,
The Covenant doomed to go under
Once realists dared to be real.
Geneva is dead, damned and rotten,
Appeasement will yet save our skin—
So perhaps it is better forgotten
That the League put the Government in.

SAGITTARIUS

Miscellany

CALLED TO THE WEDDING

"And a very good night to you, I'm sure," echoed Reg, the best man, in his celebrated mock-B.B.C. accents. "Goo-d night. Goo-d night," he tried to catch the eye of Doris, the pretty bridesmaid, giggling away on Aunt Jessie's ottoman with a young man he did not know, who had driven the remains of the wedding party back from the Palais in quite a posh car.

"Half a tic," said Uncle Fred. "There's enough Scotch for a final toast."

"All the best to Marg and our Jack."

"I wonder what they're doing now?"

"Asleep and snoring, I shouldn't wonder," Reg winked.

"That Margie is a real lucky girl," said Doris.

"Your turn next."

"Now, Uncle, give over, do!" Doris glanced from the young man beside her to Reg, enjoying herself.

"I was speaking of Holy Matrimony, of course."

"Oo, Uncle, you are a date, really you are!"

"You'll be the death of me yet," guffawed Uncle Frank, slapping his brother-in-law on the back.

"If mother'll make the ladies a nice cup of tea before they go, I've a notion I can do a bit of a conjuring trick," thought Uncle Fred. "See here, there's nothing up my sleeves except my two arms, is there. . . ." Eventually, to applause, another half bottle of whisky was produced.

"Well, I suppose we'd best be breaking up," said Aunt Edith at length.

"Drink up, then," ordered Uncle Fred. "Ladies and gentle-men, I give you once more the toast of the bride and bridegroom."

"Jack and Margie."

"May all their troubles be little ones."

"Twins."

"What say we pop in for a bite of shark steak on the way home?" Reg suggested. Doris lived close to the fish shop, so that the young man, whom she had been trying to get off with, would not be at much advantage with his car.

"Good-night, Aunt Jess. It's been ever so lovely."

"Night, Fred. That was the best conjuring trick I ever did see."

"Then you've never seen my boy. He can do some I'll warrant you've not seen," suddenly exclaimed a woman with a high flush.

"Now, mother," said the young man on the couch, gently.

"Oo, do show us some," urged Doris.

"Bet you can't do this," said Reg, starting a business with two pennies and a glass.

"I was speaking of real tricks," said the woman, scornfully.

"That was a real good trick of Reg's," declared Uncle Fred, solemnly. "A real good trick I call that."

"Well, then, you should just see my boy," repeated the woman, aggressively.

"Now, mother, don't start that," said the young man.

"Oo, please, do just one," begged Doris again.

"If so be you can," said Reg, rudely.

"Just show 'em! Go on. Just show 'em!" cried the woman, with such passion that everyone was suddenly embarrassed, sobered and silent. "Well?" she said, standing in the middle of the room, drawn up to her full height, erect and hostile. "Well?"

"Now, please, mother. You know it's too early."

"Too early?" laughed Uncle Fred, relieving the tension. "Too early? Why, it's past twelve, and me having to be round at the Labour to sign on at eight!"

"I mean it's too early for . . ." the young man stopped.

"Lumme," said his mother, "you make me sick with your to and fro, hot and cold ways, really you do. 'Too early!' . . . If I didn't know I'd never . . ." she, too, broke off.

The young man still hesitated, then seeing his mother was about to make another outburst, he rose, smiling awkwardly. "All right," he agreed reluctantly, "I'll do just one."

"Oh, goody, goody! Is it a new one?" Doris inquired.

"Well, no, it's not exactly new. I did it once before but that was a long time ago"; and again he smiled his strange, sad smile.

"Pour a little water out of the jug," he asked Doris.

"Now, don't go for to break that jug. That was a present from our Edna who's passed on," warned Aunt Jessie.

"I won't break it," he promised, and before his quiet air of assurance her hostility vanished.

"And now pour some into another glass," he told Doris.

"Oo," she gave a startled gasp, hastily setting the jug down on the table. "Oo, look!" for in the second glass gleamed something which was certainly not water.

The thing had been done so quickly, with so little "business," that for a moment everyone gaped in speechless astonishment; even Reg was too surprised to speak.

"Lumme," exclaimed Uncle Frank at last. "Lumme, that was a real smart trick and no mistake!"

"Smart?" said the young man's mother, furiously. "Smart, you call it, do you?"

"Looked more like a blooming miracle to me?" thought Uncle Fred.

"And that's just what it was," broke in the woman, eagerly. "A miracle—and nothing else beside. He can do pretty well anything if only he'll start. And what's more, let me tell you all," she cried, hysterically, her voice rising sharply, "let me tell all of you here present in this room, whether you believe it or not, he's my kid but I never . . . that's to say at the time I had him I wasn't. . . ."

"Now, mother." Though the young man still spoke gently, it was in such a tone of authority that the woman ceased abruptly, her head dropping like a scolded child.

"Well, I never did!" gasped Aunt Edith. "You ought to be ashamed! Boasting of such a thing in a respectable house."

"There's reason in all things," interrupted the outraged Aunt Jessie. "I can stomach a good deal, but not talk of

that kind. We've always been respectable in my family and I trust we always shall. You'll oblige me by leaving my house *this* minute, *if* you please."

"No, no, you don't understand. I only wanted . . ." the woman began.

"Understand or no, you'll oblige me by leaving my house this very minute."

"Any road, it was a damn good trick, and I don't mind who hears me say it," said Uncle Frank.

"A lovely trick," said Doris, sadly. "Lovely." Something seemed suddenly to have slipped away from her; in that instant she knew that it would be Reg she would marry and no one else.

From the door the young man turned and smiled, his arm round his mother, who was beginning to cry.

After a moment, Uncle Fred followed them out. "Good-night," he called as they disappeared into the car. Good-night, Mr. Er . . . Very pleased to have met you."

"Well, did you ever?" Aunt Edith kept on repeating as she escorted Aunt Jessie, who had also become tearful, upstairs.

"Come on, Doris, if you *are* coming," snapped Reg, hurrying the girl off, and in a few minutes they had all gone. Only Uncle Fred remained in the parlour, gazing intently into the dark contents of the jug.

* * *

Not a word did Aunt Jessie ever say about the evening of Jack and Margie's wedding. Least of all could she bring herself to mention it to her husband. Only from that mysterious, golden evening her manner towards him, which, in the way of such things, had been inclining towards the sarcastic, altered. But that was merely an unimportant, outward manifestation which, perhaps, not even Fred, himself, noticed: it was deep down inside her that the real change occurred. Something which was too sacred even to be consciously thought of had made Fred, beyond all possibility of doubt, the most marvellous, the only man in the world. Fred. Her Fred!

Nor was Fred ever disposed to speak of the affair. He must, he assumed, have been properly half-seas-over, though how he could have got into such a state on what they had taken was a puzzle. Besides, all said and done, there was more to it than that. Much more. He knew something did Uncle Fred.

"And that quiet kid, who was making eyes at our Doris back at your place, who was he exactly?" Uncle Frank had wanted to know when he met his brother-in-law in the "local" on the following evening.

"What him?" Uncle Fred replied, casually. "Oh, he was just a pal of Jack's, who loaned his car to bring them from the church and that."

"Oh, ah. What about his ma, then? She was a nice case if you like. But there was no call for her to say the things she did about not being married. I don't wonder Jess spoke up."

"Ah," grunted Fred, busy filling a pipe.

"Shameful," repeated Uncle Frank. "But that trick the kid did, that seemed a bit of all right to me, though I don't mind admitting it was a bit late in the evening. Any road, it looked real clever to me."

"It *was* clever," agreed Fred, with conviction. "Real clever."

"How do you reckon he worked it, then?"

"Ah, that would be telling, wouldn't it?"

"Come off it, Fred, you don't know no more than I do. I've heard of something like it before, though. What did he say about it not being new, and his having done it a long time before, though he looked nothing but a kid to me? It didn't seem like the kind of trick that Reg or them do. More class to it. More like something on the Halls. Now where have I heard of something of the sort before?"

But Uncle Fred was back in his photo-lined front parlour, seeing the kaleidoscope of a hundred irridescent lights as he poured the remainder of the rainbow liquid, flashing and sparkling, from the jug into a glass; sensing the heady odour of wine which pervaded the little room above the cigarette smoke and whisky fumes; experiencing again the ultimate thrill of ecstasy, blended with fear, that he had known as, with trembling hand, he had slowly raised the glass to his lips. . . .

"Ah, that's about the weight of it," Frank was saying. "Must have been something I saw on the Halls. Come to think of it, the kid might have been on the Halls himself. He had something of a manner with him. Ah, that's about the weight of it."

"Maybe that's what it was," agreed Uncle Fred, smiling to himself.

PETER CHAMBERLAIN

SCOTTISH ART

To make this winter's exhibition at Burlington House a display of Scottish art was a bold decision which will, I hope, be justified by the result. For the result should be to bring English, and perhaps continental, amateurs better acquainted with an art that turns out to have been surprisingly little known and to repay better acquaintance. I call the project bold because the criticisms it was bound to provoke cannot have escaped the forethought of the organisers; neither does the exhibition itself disarm them. The fact is, there is not enough Scottish painting of quality to fill so vast a space as the gallery affords. That is the first and gravest complaint; there is an intolerable deal of bread to every two pennyworth of sack. The second difficulty which confronted the organisers was that, to build up such an exhibition as we have come to expect in the winter at Burlington House, it is necessary to build round two or three masters of the first magnitude. This one felt acutely at the English show, where Gainsborough and Constable were hardly strong enough to bear the weight of a manifestation to which amateurs and experts had been bidden, not to spend an hour in pleasure but mornings and afternoons in study and contemplation.

Here the organisers have attempted to make a great man, a central figure, of Raeburn; and this, in my opinion, was unwise. To show forty-odd Raeburns, hanging together in the place of honour, is to lower the low estimation in which that lively but meretricious painter was already held. One perceives that he was not even highly accomplished but only very clever. Insuperable problems—and for him most problems were insuperable by means of art—he dealt with by stage-tricks, a ready wit, and by drawing the spectator's attention to something else. More often than not he drew it to a matter towards which fashionable amateurs and patrons are only too willing to have attention drawn—to the patron's character, or rather to his pretentions. By bullying the model or teasing him (or her) into a significant grimace—frown or sneer, swagger or simper—Raeburn obtained those famous psychological effects which are still admired by people who mistake theatre for drama.

But if the organisers have failed to make a master of Raeburn, Allan Ramsay, to whose work a large room is properly assigned, reveals himself as something uncommonly like one. Were I asked point-blank—"Do you consider Allan Ramsay a great artist?" I should have to say "No"; but at very least he is a delightful painter, subtly and unostentatiously accomplished, endowed with rare taste and distinction. Everyone will have his favourites in this enchanting room, and anyhow a two-column article gives a critic no space for tipping; besides, the thing to remark is that each picture has its peculiar and appropriate beauties. There is no monotony in this collection of five-and-twenty portraits: diversity is provided by the delicate characterisation—do but compare it with the theatrical caricaturing of Raeburn—unity by the sensibility and handling of the artist. An exquisite feeling for colour is what first takes the eye; but the drawing is sure enough. Look at the chalk drawings—always a searching test—in the small south room, and you will find them worthy of the creator of *The Painter's Wife* and *Mrs. Bruce of Arnot*. The quality

of Allan Ramsay is, for English amateurs at all events, the surprise of the exhibition: he appears as the pride of Scottish art, and, unless I mistake, adds something to the European tradition.

Geddes is another artist, too little known this side of the Border, who gains and will continue to gain on acquaintance. Perhaps he will turn out to be a match for Allan Ramsay. His portrait of Wilkie is a fine affair indeed, admirably composed and painted; and the self-portrait is as good. It would be interesting to study a complete set of his dry-points and etchings, *media* in which his nicely balanced sensibility and skill are seen to advantage. He shares a room with Wilkie, who loses nothing of his reputation but does not add to it either, partly maybe because his work is already familiar to the London public. Wilkie was a painter, and to say that is to say a good deal. He was also an anecdotist in the bone, wherefore his conception is almost always trivial. His death in 1841, and that of Geddes in '44, ends an epoch and brings us to the waste lands of Victorianism. It is here that the native qualities of Scottish art, discretion, taste, and a sense of human and artistic dignity, stand the painters in good stead. In Scotland official Victorian painting, and for that matter Edwardian and Georgian, too, was appreciably less distressing than it was in England. Not but what the tradition of Raeburn persisted like a bad taste right through the age, throwing up here and there a bit of nastiness more vulgar and cleverer than anything an English academician would have been likely to achieve. But if you will compare the work of such typical Scottish academicians as Watson Gordon, Wintour, Crawford and Guthrie with that of Sir Edward Poynter, Luke Fildes, Frank Dicksee and the Hon. John Collier, you will realise that Scotland has much to be thankful for. Whether she should be thankful to John Knox or the Darien scheme I leave to historians and economists to settle.

Of this official Victorian and Edwardian painting we are shown far too much. The reason I have indicated: the rooms had to be filled somehow. In Scotland there was no Pre-Raphaelite movement to supply diversion and a surprise; and a brave attempt to spring one by dressing up Orchardson as a big man is, I am sorry to say, a total loss. Only in the 'eighties came the Glasgow school. To me the Glasgow painters are more sympathetic than the Pre-Raphaelite—to begin with, they tried to paint: but it would be absurd to pretend that the movements were of comparable importance. Pre-Raphaelitism was an event, an unfortunate event, in the history of modern art. Whereas, to be frank, Scottish oil-painting between Geddes and Peploe would be a matter of honourable but almost unrelieved tedium were it not for McTaggart.

In the past I failed to appreciate McTaggart: perhaps I never had a chance of seeing him properly. Perhaps even now I have not seen him as he should be seen; for, though in the Lecture Room are exposed some thirty of his most considerable works, the electric beacons, which seem generally to be in action, shout so joyously at the strident gold frames that it is sometimes impossible to catch the light and lyrical notes of the artist. Also, it is not easy to appreciate McTaggart; his weaknesses are pitifully apparent. He is, to put it crudely, all over the shop. Construction, intellectual effort, there is none. Presumably he admired the Impressionists, and through them discovered the emotional significance of light in movement; but Monet was hardly the master to give lessons in design. If his faults are obvious, his qualities are not: they are subtle and precious. McTaggart is a poet, a lyrical poet: his sweetness, however, is not sugar on rice-pudding or on nothing, the lyricism of a Marées or a MacEvoy, but, like the lyricism of Sisley, or perhaps it would be safer to say Steer, the sweetness of a ripe plum or pear, implicit in the fruit. He is a poet, but he is a painter, too; and in such a picture as *April Snow* the vague but immense charm grows imperceptibly to positive beauty.

It is a pity that Leslie Hunter and Peploe have been tucked away in a corner—in the architectural room, to be exact—for their pictures, albeit ill chosen, add considerably to the importance of the show. Peploe was a much more substantial artist than anyone who had seen only what is to be seen here might suppose. Fortunately a far better and more characteristic collection of their works is on view at the Lefèvre Gallery in King Street; and visitors to Burlington House may be advised to cross Piccadilly and take a look at it. They will not be wasting their time; both are serious artists and amongst the better British Post-Impressionists. They make one realise how much the big show would have gained by a more generous display of genuine modern art: and, considering the amount of undistinguished stuff the organisers have been obliged to hang as wall-covering, one would have thought they might have waived a rule which appears to hold at Burlington House though it was not applied in the Louvre, and devoted a room to living painters. A collection of pictures by Duncan Grant, Ferguson and MacBey would have added to the significance and amenity of the exhibition.

Finally, another omission, which seems unnecessary when one considers how much elimination was not only possible but desirable, is some reference to Scottish architecture. Anyone who knows Edinburgh knows that this is an art in which Scotsmen have excelled. Also, architecture north of the Tweed is not only good but distinct. A room devoted to large and detailed photographs of buildings and to architectural designs would have given pleasure to amateurs and enhanced the artistic reputation of the country. CLIVE BELL

THE MOVIES

"The Mikado," at the Leicester Square
"Angels with Dirty Faces," at the Warner
"Adventure in Sahara," at the London Pavilion
"Museum Piece," at the Cameo

A CRITIC of the screen *Mikado* is bound first to declare his reactions to Gilbert and Sullivan in general. Mine are: intense admiration for three-quarters of Sullivan's music (the remaining quarter being the disguised hymn-tunes), recognition of the brilliance of Gilbert's lyrics, and acute boredom with all but occasional scraps of the spoken dialogue. I am aware that it has long been customary for persons of taste to dismiss the Savoy operas with a shrug, and it is not difficult to discover the reason: their unbroken popularity (especially in the suburbs and provinces) for over fifty years. Could anything be more damning than that? And it is not only excessive repetition that has dulled their charms, it is the absurdly rigid style in which they have been performed. The minutest details of the original production and the stalest mannerisms of the original cast have been religiously retained for fifty years: if Grossmith played with his big toe, Rosina Brandram winked, or Rutland Barrington avoided an imaginary obstacle, then at that precise moment everyone else must for ever afterwards do the same. In his time Lytton was regarded as a dangerous revolutionary, and now his own entirely personal quips have been added to the monstrous accumulation of dead business. All fans are silly, but the G. and S. fans are the silliest of all: they resent the slightest departure from "tradition," and they not only insist on countless wearisome encores but demand them so vociferously that they drown Sullivan's delicious orchestral postludes. And, speaking of Sullivan's orchestration, I am reminded that London critics who saw only the periodic Savoy seasons under Malcolm Sargent or Geoffrey Toye have no notion of the way it was mangled in the provinces by bands which seemed to consist of half a dozen scratchy strings, a consumptive flute, a fruity cornet, and an obstreperous trombone *mirum spargens sonum*. The fans were still delighted by everything, but not unnaturally the more cultivated and musical sections of the public began to stay away.

Now just suppose that after their production in the 'seventies

and 'eighties the Savoy operas had been completely neglected and forgotten, and that some bright person of our time (say a Sitwell) had the other day unearthed one of the dusty scores from an attic, and persuaded Mr. Cochran to mount it with a brilliant decor by Rex Whistler or Oliver Messel. I do not doubt for a moment that fashionable London would be enraptured by the Victorian sentiment, the period humour and the sparkling Offenbachian music. The news that *The Mikado* was to be filmed set me irrationally hoping that the faded classic might undergo just such a refurbishment; they might even manage to scrap the ponderous dialogue and retain the heavenly music. I should have known better: though something might have been done to speed up the dialogue, the whole structure of the work with its ensembles, patter songs and two finales is purely theatrical, and to turn it into genuine screen material would have meant a complete recasting of Sullivan which no musician could contemplate. It was shocking enough, as it was, to hear Nanki-Poo sing a verse of the lovely soprano song, "The Sun and I"; and the mimed prologue, the only part which really struck out on its own, was quite ineffective. The film *Mikado* is, in fact, a hybrid, an inevitable compromise; for instance, the director never knows what to do with his camera during the long set numbers, and so, if a vocal quartet sings "ding-dong," we get a shot of swinging bells. Many, and sometimes ingenious, are the devices employed to avoid camera immobility, but they all have the fatal defect that they are obviously devices. The cast, with one exception, was either D'Oyly Carte or adhered closely to the D'Oyly Carte style; but the exception, Kenny Baker's Nanki-Poo, was delightfully fresh and admirably sung. Great care, we were told, had been taken over the sound, but the reproduction in the theatre was not as clear as that obtainable from a good domestic radio set. The colour was pretty enough in a conventional way, but Vertès' sets made a rather congested effect and we sometimes get the impression that everything is happening in a small corner of an international exhibition.

Angels with Dirty Faces is simply a vehicle for the talents of James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart and the Dead End Kids. We have seen a little too much of the Kids lately (one of them, Leo Gorcey, deserves to star on his own), but it is pleasant to renew acquaintance with Cagney's quick, nervous vitality and individual sense of humour. He does what he can to bring to life a mechanical plot, chiefly remarkable for the extraordinary morality of its conclusion. The Kids worship a gangster (Cagney), and resist the attempts to reform them made by a priest named Father Connolly. This is not surprising, for Father Connolly is one of the most tedious characters I have ever seen on the screen, and when he told the boys there was no future in gambling I sympathised with the one who replied: "I don't see any future in basket-ball either." In order to convince the Kids that gangsters are really no good, he has recourse to a shocking device. The gangster (his old friend) has been sentenced to the chair and is awaiting the end with fortitude; but the priest asks him to *simulate* terror, to scream and struggle as he enters the death chamber—then only will the boys cease to idolise him. He duly struggles and screams, the papers report that he "died yellow," and the suspicious boys ask Father Connolly if it is really true. "Yes," replies that saintly hypocrite, and a choir of invisible angels support the lie with a burst of celestial harmony which sent me staggering out into Leicester Square ashamed of the company I had been keeping.

Adventure in Sahara is a Foreign Legion film recommended only to the very naive or the very sadistic, and *Museum Piece* is a selection of old-time movies not so well chosen as the recent Cochran *Flashbacks*, but containing an early Chaplin called *The Jazz Waiter* and a ridiculously violent melodrama called *The Vampire of the Desert*. It was strange to experience again the peculiar quality of that silence, broken only by the purr of the projector, while the pianist fishes out a new piece of music and the film flickers on.

PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Adults Only," at the London International Theatre.

Adults Only, performed at the London International Theatre last Sunday, is an ingenious statement of that superior form of escapism which forbids attempts at escape on the ground that things will turn out all right if left as they are. The scene is an Educational Settlement in Bradley, a Northern industrial town, and the co-authors (Reginald Beckwith and Andrew Cruickshank) have very cleverly suggested the miasma of foolscap, cocoa, jealousy and damp mackintosh that seems to pervade such branches of spare-time culture. Most of the characters are discontented with their lot, and the theme of the play is to contrast those who wish to escape at any cost with those who are prepared to accept what they have inherited and try to build from it an ill-defined new life. The most successful rebel is John, who wins a chance to act in a touring company; but unfortunately he is in love with Mary who is prepared to stay in Bradley and fight her environment on its own ground. John goes, and Mary marries an unemployed man who is finally prevented from joining the International Column and forced to face his unhappy destiny at home. Centred round the main plot are a number of subsidiary stories, some comic, some almost tragic, but all with the same message, that you mustn't change the present ill for the future prospect. But for all its unreal motif, *Adults Only* is an admirably effective piece of theatre. Within the customary limits it is highly realistic, and if the producer has erred in dressing unemployed men in Regent Street tweeds, the authors have caught North country sentiment and humour with unusual felicity. The acting is of a high standard, with Miss Eileen Beldon, Miss Dorice Fordred, and Mr. Bernard Lee outstanding in an accomplished cast. Especial praise must be given to Miss Edna Best who, as Mary, gave one of the finest performances of her career and for moments lifted the competent towards the sublime. *Adults Only* is by no means perfect, but is certainly a great deal better than the majority of West-end successes. If it gets its deserts we shall soon be able to enjoy it all six nights of the week.

André Masson, at Rosenberg and Helft's

The most conspicuous painters to-day were already conspicuous before the war, and nobody comparable in stature has yet revealed himself among the post-war generation. André Masson we have for some time believed to be the most interesting of the post-war painters—a belief reinforced by this exhibition. His works have been very uneven, and at times he has succumbed to an overemphatic, Expressionist style, more German than French. But Messrs. Rosenberg and Helft have selected only his most successful pictures, in which a violently romantic temperament is expressed with very delicate sensibility. Masson employs some surrealist methods, but, unlike the official surrealists, he remains essentially a painter. Indeed, his decorative sense is extraordinary, and while his pictures contain deliberately disquieting suggestions, they are formally coherent and satisfying. The big painting at the end of the room is organised with a skill that should produce splendid results in some large-scale decoration. Masson is equally gifted as a colourist and as a draughtsman. Sometimes one can detect the influence of Picasso, Matisse or Braque, but all these pictures are highly personal. The quality of his paint is occasionally rather dull. His work, however, is uncommonly alive, and this exhibition does not contain one failure either of taste or imagination.

Matthew Smith, at the Leicester Galleries

Mr. Jacob Epstein's collection of twenty-eight paintings by Mr. Matthew Smith gives an excellent opportunity of studying one of the most remarkable of living English painters. He attacks his subject with a gusto that is rare in this country, but sometimes his *bravura* degenerates into coarseness. His brushwork is apt to be coarse and even slimy, and his livid colours are not always in control. Thus in the *Model Waking*—and the *Landscape Near Aix* there is more noise than music. The Still Life, dated 1920, and evidently influenced by Matisse, seems to us the best picture in this show—and a very good picture it is. (But at Messrs. Tooth's we have seen two of his most recent works which show that he is still making progress.) *Near Lyon, Roses, Tulips and Iris, Nude Reclining* and *Cornish Landscape* are among the best of his pictures in this show. He can be compared to the even more gifted Mr. Augustus John: they are both impulsive artists whose sensibility sometimes deserts them, but Mr. Smith

treats his gifts with greater respect. After making such reserves, one must proclaim that Mr. Smith paints with a passion, accomplishment and directness possessed by very few of his compatriots. Miss Florence Engelbach and Miss Caroline Byng, whose works are exhibited in the adjoining rooms, can make charming sketches, but their work is quite eclipsed by the brilliant and entirely professional paintings of Mr. Mathew Smith.

Public School Art, at 26 Conduit Street

This exhibition, like its predecessors, has been arranged for the excellent purpose of helping the Dockland Settlements. It is also useful in giving as it were a general report upon the art-teaching at school for the richer classes. The visitor should, however, be warned that this report is not altogether fair, for most of the schools where the art-teaching is conspicuously good are for some reason not represented: there is nothing, for example, from Charterhouse, Eton, St. Paul's, Wellington College or Langford Grove. Moreover, the place of honour, perhaps by accident, is given to some pictures from Repton which represent a survival of the glummest Victorian methods. There is interesting work from a number of schools, including Eltham College, King's School, Chester, St. Mary's School, Wantage, Queen Mary's School, Walsall, the Ladies of Mary Convent, Croydon, Badminton School, Malvern and Blundell's. But the exhibition, as at present organised, serves largely to expose the backwardness of many Public Schools in adopting contemporary methods. Since the object of the organisers is primarily charitable, may we suggest that they should enlist the aid of the newly formed Society of Art Teachers? An exhibition could then be arranged which would be far more attractive than this to serious critics and amateurs of art.

Britain To-day, at Toynbee Hall

This exhibition was inspired by an exhibition of prints illustrating all phases of contemporary life in America, which was organised by the American equivalent of the local Artists' International Association. There are 70-odd prints; lithographs in one colour predominate, but there are also woodcuts, etchings and coloured lithographs—the most expensive costs only four guineas. For convenience they are shown in uniform mounts. It is hoped that after London the exhibition will be shown in Trade Union and Co-operative Halls up and down the country. The twenty-three artists include: Eric Ravilious, Pearl Binder and Ethelbert White. Sir David Muirhead Bone has several of his wonderfully controlled drawings of Clydeside industry. Mr. James Holland's sixteen lithographs illustrate the decrepitude of landscapes which industry has used and discarded. Mr. Boswell conveys a similar grim meaning, underlining it sometimes by caricature. At the other end of the scale there is Mr. Lynton Lamb who has a delightful picture of two policemen in a three-wheeled car entitled *Flying Squad*, and Miss Diana John whose *Les Sylphides* is one of the most charmingly humorous illustrations for years. If the exhibition as a whole has a fault, it is that lack of organisation has produced an unbalanced result. Huge areas of pictorial material in our lives are left untouched. Still, as the foreword claims, to have got the artists to co-operate at all is a great feat. It will be interesting to hear what Whitechapel and the Co-operative Societies make of modern graphic art. Toynbee Hall is round the corner from Aldgate Station.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, January 20th—
Tom Harrisson: "Mass-Observation and the Labour Movement," 2 Keats Grove, 8.

SUNDAY, January 22nd—
Laurence Housman: "Artificial Morality," Conway Hall, 11.
London Philharmonic Orchestra Concert, Covent Garden, 3.15.
David Keir: "The Future of Politics," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.
"Needle and Thread," Phoenix.

MONDAY, January 23rd—
Prof. Emile Cammaerts: "La Comédie des Moeurs dans ses Rapports avec les Conditions Speciales," London School of Economics, 5.
Dr. H. Mannheim: "Penal Reform, Its Implications and Limitations," London School of Economics, 5.
J. M. Blackburn: "How to Interview," 8 Portman Street, 7.

TUESDAY, January 24th—
David Spreckley: "Czechoslovakia," Friends House, 1.20.
Israel Cohen: "Palestine and the Jewish Problem," Conway Hall, 7.
C. J. S. Sprigge: "Italy," Morley College, 8.
"She Stoops to Conquer," Old Vic.

WEDNESDAY, January 25th—
J. W. Cecil Turner: "Modern Interpretation in Some Crimes at Common Law," King's College, 5.30.
First of course of 10 weekly lectures on "Making International Law Work," by Prof. G. W. Keeton and Dr. G. Schwarzenberger, Thorney House, Smith Square, 6.15.
Dr. G. P. Gooch: "The Rome-Berlin Axis," Herne Hill Congregational Church Hall, 8.
"Design for Living," Haymarket.

THURSDAY, January 26th—
Prof. E. Prestage: "The Portuguese Voyages of Discovery," King's College, 5.30.
Alfred Barnes: "The Relations Between the Labour Party and the Co-operative Party," Livingstone Hall, 8.
Alan Bush: "Soviet Music and Musicians," 153 Finchley Rd., 8.15.
Conference on the Economic Road to Peace. Till January 28th. Particulars from Kings Weigh House, Thomas Street, W.1.
Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, Queens Hall, 8.15.

FRIDAY, January 27th—
J. D. Bernal: "Structure of Proteins," Royal Institution, 9.
"Playboy of the Western World," Mercury.

Correspondence

CHINA

SIR,—It is surprising to find so eminent an authority as Mr. G. F. Hudson adopting such a static view of the Chinese situation as he appears to do in his review of Harold Isaacs' *Tragedy of the Chinese Revolution*. Mr. Hudson assumes that because Chiang Kai-shek broke with the Communists in 1927 he will necessarily do so at the conclusion of the present war; that because the rich capitalists, now hoarding their resources in foreign banks, were able to rule the country from 1927–1937, they will be able to reassume that office in the future. Such a view of the situation, while certainly the fervent hope of many Chinese and foreign capitalists, fails to take into account the enormous changes taking place under the influence of the war, and is not the attitude of the Chinese armies, nor of foreigners who, like myself, have recently had opportunities of meeting the leaders of China and of seeing the people in action.

Certainly if the war now came to a sudden end there would be a considerable possibility that there would be a renewal of civil strife. But since the war is bound to last for many months, and possibly years, more, that is largely an academic question. The essential feature of the present situation is that all the genuine nationalists from Chiang Kai-shek downwards, including Pai Chung-hsi and the Kwangsi clique, the Communist Party and the Eighth Route Army, are determined to carry on the war to the end. Quite apart from the strength of their national feeling, they now have nothing to gain, and almost everything to lose, by betrayal or compromise. There may be differences of emphasis between the various groups, but there is general recognition of the fact that the war can only be won by a united China based on the organisation and mobilisation of the mass of the people. Such mobilisation is viewed not only in military terms but also in terms of education, social reforms, co-operative industries to take the place of the old and largely destroyed private undertakings, and even in some degree of more democratic government. But in this organisation of the people it has already been found that those officials who are more frightened of the power of the people than of the Japanese, and who are opponents of unity with the Communists, are unable to produce the results that the Central Government and the military leaders demand. Immediate removal of such men is not always possible, and the peculiarly Chinese method of demotion by appointment to a seat in the Cabinet has tended to conceal from western eyes the rapid thinning in the ranks and importance of the more notorious reactionaries.

Nothing has shown the change in the situation and the strength of the new forces in China more clearly than the case of Wang Ching-wei. Wang's motives in deserting to the enemy were not only that he felt that the Japanese were likely to be victorious. Much more important is that Wang clearly realised that in the new China, which is being created, and must be created if China is to win the war, there would be no place for the interest that he represents. Unable to halt the process from within, he was forced openly to ally himself with his country's enemies. The way in which the Central Political Council, a body representative of all groups and parties so rapidly and unhesitatingly removed Wang Ching-wei, its chairman, deputy-leader of the Kuomintang, and biggest political boss in China, from all his official positions,

is a final indication of the change in the balance of forces.

In attempting to predict post-war events, the Chinese believe, and they are probably right, that one is only doing a disservice to their country. But if one examines the programme and the policy of the dominant forces in the Kuomintang, and the programme and policy of the Communist Party, there seems no reason why, on lines in some ways rather similar to those pursued by the Spanish People's Front, co-operation should not continue in times of peace. Such a policy would doubtless, as in Spain, lay the Communists open to charges from Mr. Isaacs, and perhaps, although one hopes not, from Mr. Hudson, that they are betraying the cause of Communism. Anyone who has met their leaders and seen the Eighth Route Army and the magnificent work which they are doing in saving the Chinese people from complete subjugation will not be deeply worried by such criticism.

The Union Society, Oxford. BERNARD FLOUD

REFUGEES

SIR,—THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and other publications are doing a valuable service in pointing out the tragedy of the delays and restrictions with regard to the admission of refugees to this country; some may be inevitable, but surely others could be greatly reduced. The generous British public that rushed to subscribe to the relief funds is mainly unaware of the weeks or months of negotiation needed to secure the admission even of those for whom a home and welcome are waiting. There are stringent regulations often requiring not only a personal guarantee of the expenses of the journey and of maintenance here, but in case of subsequent emigration also of the cost of reaching a distant country. That reduces the potential hosts and hostesses to societies or to those of more than average means.

One of the bright memories of the last war was the splendid way in which help was organised for the Belgian refugees. Our Government gave every facility; ex-officials, members of the Society of Friends, experienced organisers from the different Women's Societies and others lent able voluntary help, the bewildered crowd at Aldwych and Alexandra Palace melted away, and soon there was hardly a town or country district that was not caring for its group of Belgians. Later when our own man-power ran short, many were of real help in armament work, etc. One would not personally cast one's bread upon the waters for the sake of its return, but when it is one's country that would benefit one need not shut one's eyes to the fact that it often does so.

Even without war, if the Government's need for volunteers for the air-force, navy, army and home defence is fully met, there will not be sufficient able-bodied among the unemployed to dig all the deep bomb-shelters and to make all the motor-roads required. Why not let our representatives now administering relief in Prague select *as a beginning* a hundred or more German Democrats (in danger of being sent to German concentration camps at the end of this month), as many Czechs, able and willing to do this and other war-work, and with their wives and families give them a "block visa," and let them fill up detailed forms after their arrival? They would help to defer the rapid decrease of population which will soon set in, and, as our economists warn us, bring with it even greater problems of unemployment. Also in the event of a war the skill of Jewish doctors and nurses, the inventiveness of their scientists, and the industry of their factory-workers would be invaluable. Many of our ex-soldiers can testify that they owe their lives to the kindly care of Jewish doctors when they were prisoners of war? A. E. HARRINGTON

Greensand, Petersfield, Hants.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a paragraph in your issue of January 7th in which you refer to the attitude of the Home Office in dealing with questions relating to Refugees.

I should be glad if you would allow me this opportunity of stating that, so far as the organisations represented on the Co-ordinating Committee for Refugees are aware, the Home Office has not put any new obstacles in their way. The arrangements recently made by the Home Office have, on the other hand, resulted in a considerable improvement of the machinery for dealing with the grant of permits to enter the United Kingdom.

It was, no doubt, by a misprint that the number of refugees who have left Greater Germany since 1933 was given by you as 17,000. The number should have been given as 170,000. I may add that it is doubtful if there are any reliable statistics of the numbers which actually have been absorbed in the different countries of the British Empire. HAILEY,

Chairman, Co-ordinating Committee for Refugees

GERMAN NAVAL AIMS

SIR,—I sincerely trust that your hatred of all things Nazi will not be permitted to warp that sense of justice for which THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has always been conspicuous. Your statement under the above heading that a submarine is "essentially an offensive weapon" gives rise to this fear; for in the opinion of experts—and one which has been accepted at International Naval Conferences—submarines in general, and smaller submarines in particular—are definitely defensive. Otherwise France, with her enormous fleet of submarines, might well be considered a menace to world peace!

I am no lover of Fascism; but if we are to successfully combat it, we must at all costs preserve the three forces which it ignores—the forces of truth, reason, and justice.

M.Y. St. Uny, H. MCMASTER,
Newhaven, Sussex. Lt.-Comdr. R.N. (Ret.)

MASS-OBSERVATION

SIR,—In his review of *Britain by Mass-Observation*, Mr. Raymond Mortimer concludes that M.O. organisers would benefit from a more rigorously scientific control. That, I feel, needs to be underlined.

In the section, "Basic in Britain," we have the following: "In another Worktown research, into What is Happiness? people were asked to vote on which of the ten factors they considered the most conducive to more happiness for themselves. The representative sample gave this result: Security 129, Knowledge 118, Religion 104," and so on down to Politics which is last with 2.

The section concludes, "Yes, sir: Politics 2, Security 129." The suggestion seems to be that politics is shown to be of little importance for personal happiness. I suggest, however, that if the voters had been asked to list the ten factors in order of importance the result would have been very different. It is impossible to believe that people who rate security and knowledge so highly could fail to see the connection between these things and politics. And what in any case is meant by "politics"? Personal activity in politics or general political activity?

IT STAYS ON THE JOB
STANDING
IT STAYS ON THE JOB
STARTING
IT STAYS ON THE JOB
RUNNING
SHELL LUBRICATING OIL
DOUBLE SHELL is the only oil used and recommended by Humber, Hillman and Sunbeam-Talbot

Beauty is one of the factors listed. Suppose M.O. found that the whole nation needed beauty and that something could be done about it, what should be done about it? Conceptions of beauty are highly subjective; they differ from time to time, place to place and person to person. It would be interesting to watch the Government setting out to give the nation beauty, or humour, another listed factor. M.O. seems to have overlooked the fact that the form of a question determines to a large extent the nature of the answer. If they ever hope to secure scientific results their methods will require to be a good deal less sloppy and their attitude less cocksure than they are in this piece of "research."

72, Liberton Street, JOHN MACLEOD
Glasgow.

HELENE STOLT

SIR,—A young German refugee, Helene Stolt, committed suicide on January 12th last. Her father was a Communist member of the Reichstag for a number of years until 1933 when Hitler came into power. He died as a result of his injuries at the hands of the Nazis. One of her brothers is still in a concentration camp, and she herself had twice been imprisoned for political reasons. On the Saturday following reasonably accurate reports appeared in nearly all the daily newspapers, but, on Sunday, the *News of the World* published as its main front-page news story (three cols.) a statement that this girl was a Nazi spy. To impart a specious note of reality to the story they used as a subhead with quotation marks the sentence: "I was a Spy for Nazi Germany," but in the next paragraph below mentioned that these words were simply their suggestion for an appropriate epitaph and not, as any reader would imagine, the actual words of the dead girl. Not content with this blatant attempt to mislead the casual reader the paper went on to state:

(1) That Miss Stolt had been called for questioning to Scotland Yard as a suspected spy, giving a highly coloured account of the actual interview.

(2) "That her male friends were almost exclusively officers of the Royal Air Force."

(3) "That in recent weeks the West End saw a great deal more of the little blonde than did her friends in Chelsea. Her escort always was an R.A.F. officer."

In reply to these statements I can only say that:

(1) It is difficult to imagine any authentic source for this story. I myself called on Scotland Yard who dissociated themselves completely from it, and deny giving out any information regarding Miss Stolt.

(2) To my own knowledge, and I was Miss Stolt's closest woman friend for the last eighteen months of her life, this is completely and absolutely untrue. I do not know of a single R.A.F., military or naval officer, amongst her friends.

(3) During the last two weeks of her life Miss Stolt stayed ten days in my flat and was constantly with me or mutual friends and even when she returned to her own flat we saw her constantly.

Other papers published variations of the same story, although in every case they also carried a report of the inquest proceedings during which it was emphatically denied that Miss Stolt could have been a Nazi spy.

I write this letter on behalf of her friends, not only to clear the name of Helene Stolt, but also as a protest, from one who knows the actual facts, against such defamation.

11 Stanley Studios, SYBIL GILLIAT-SMITH
S.W.10.

THE SERIOUS THEATRE AND ITS CRITICS

SIR,—The discussion which has arisen over *Marco Millions* and its critical reception raises a general point with which any serious dramatic critic must feel himself concerned. It is significant that Mr. Desmond MacCarthy has, in two papers with which he is connected, recently protested against what he believed to be harsh treatment of serious items in valuable theatrical seasons. The rights and wrongs of each case are not my business. But, as one who has been working as a critic and watching theatrical affairs for a considerable time, I do feel that the serious drama does often seem to get a rough deal and that its promoters, like Mr. Priestley, have good cause for complaint. But criticism, when thus criticised, has its own commentary on this unhappy situation.

My experience is that the play-going public, or at any rate many people who read about the theatre, look at reviews in a most perfunctory and unintelligent manner. Let us consider the serious critic's position. He goes to see entertainments of every kind, whereas serious book-reviewers are only sent books likely to have quality. His job is not to lecture people who put on bed-room farces, musical shows, continuous variety and so forth, but simply to say whether the particular specimen appears to him good of its kind. Often it is good, or at least the personalities on the stage can make it seem so. The function of "Swing it, Baby" is to have swing and babies observable without fatigue. The affair does not come within any scope of argument. The critic simply registers a brief impression—and tries to be readable. This kind of criticism is unlikely to be misunderstood.

But in the case of the serious play he finds himself faced by something within the scope of reason, something to discuss in a measured way, something to argue about. Now, if he does so discuss it, the public are most absurdly apt to assume at once that he disliked the whole business. I have frequently been approached by people who said, "I see you didn't like so-and-so," when I had liked so-and-so, this side idolatry, and thought I had said so. But these people have been broken in by paragraph journalism and screaming headlines to read only the first sentence and there look for such adjectives as "staggering," "superb," "greatest-ever," and, if they don't find them, they think you were bored. The tendency to fatuous over-praise (see the publishers' adjectives in which every single book has some critical claim to be a shattering masterpiece) is not only destroying the English language (genius no longer means more than average ability) but is sapping the power of many people to read criticism at all.

Thus it occurs that the serious drama appears to get less than its due. Just because it has matter in it and challenges the mind, it evokes critical argument, and the casual reader, instead of realising that it must for this very reason have more quality than plays which evoke no argument at all, looks for the words "shattering triumph" in the first sentence and, not finding them, deems it a bad notice!

Must serious critics of serious plays always begin, "This play is worth fifty of 'Swing it, Baby,' compared with which it is a wow, a knock-out, an ace, and a masterpiece. Meanwhile, the author's line of thought, etc. . . ."? That, I am beginning to believe, is about the only way to stop people regarding as a bad notice what is really an appreciative critical estimate.

IVOR BROWN

PISH

SIR,—The members of the "Eric Society" to-day convened an emergency meeting and passed the following resolution:

> That this Society strongly deprecates the entire misquotation of a passage of *Eric, or Little by Little* in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of January 14th, and regrets the fact that such a misquotation should have been awarded a prize offered for authentic extracts from literature.

The original passage which has been so sadly misrepresented occurs towards the end of Part I, chapter viii, of *Eric* and reads (how nobly) as follows:

> "What a surly devil that is," said Eric, when he had passed; "did you see how he purposely cut me?" "A surly . . .? Oh, Eric, that's the first time I ever heard you swear."

I have the honour, in our society, to represent Eric himself (all our originals, unfortunately, have joined their author many years ago), and I am supported by both "Russell" and "Owen" in assuring you that "Pish" is a word used by Roslyn boys only in a tone of sarcasm (*vid.* Pt. II, ch. 6), never with profanity.

Assuring you of our frank and manly intentions,

52 Colet Gardens, D. L. HALLIDAY,
W.14. President of the Society for immortalising Dean Farrar's "Eric."

We are glad to acknowledge the following further sums for Spanish Relief: R. (£100); G. A. C. (£40); Alice Carter, Dorothy Stables (£10); A German, Anon., Gordon Harker, Elisabeth Hunter, J., E. C. Macdiarmid, G. McLeod, Marian J. Martin, J. E. Matthews, Rosemary Salmon, Well-wisher (£5); W. L. B., A. E. Fridlander (£3 3s.); Nancy Jones, J. H. Magraw (£3); A. P.-R. (£2 10s.); Anon., Dora C. Colebrook, C. L. D., G. W. D. (£2 2s.); Anon., G. A. Hankey, Frank Hollins (£2); J. S. B. and J. R., A. E. L., Elinor Rendel (£1 1s.); M. E. Anderson, G. de Vere, M. I. Dow, F., Hope Fleming, L. T. Fleming, Iain, Gwendolen Morland, L. Peters, "Tuesday," H. G. Wyatt (£1); Peter Clemoes (15s.); A. W. (10s. 6d.); B. A., J. M. B., M. L. E., C. Friend, Mattie Pellow, H. P. R., D. S., J. W. (10s.); E. A. Braidwood, Mr. Wilkins (6s.); J. A., I. Davies, S. F., D. le H., A Kenya Settler, N. W. Milne, Ruby Seaton, E. E. Thomas (5s.); L. B. C. (4s. 6d.); V. L. Bowen (3s. 6d.); Anon., A. R. A., A. H., Q. R. Q., G. H. W. (2s. 6d.); N. C. P. (1s.).

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

DOCTOR MARTIN NIEMÖLLER is the outstanding opponent of the Nazi regime in Germany and it is important for students of international affairs to know what kind of a man he is and what ideas he represents. Under the title *From U-Boat to Concentration Camp*, his autobiography, translated by Commander Hastie Smith, has been reprinted with the addition of Niemöller's later story told by the Dean of Chichester (Hodge, 5s.). The son of a Lutheran parson of Westphalian farming stock, Niemöller entered the Imperial Navy, and in December, 1915, was appointed to submarine service. The greater part of his autobiography is the story of a submarine officer, keen on carrying out his detestable work and proud of it. After training, Niemöller was appointed as second watchkeeper on a big minelayer, U73, which was sent from Kiel into the Mediterranean. The passage round the Shetlands was rough and difficult. A mine-field was laid off Malta which resulted in the sinking of H.M.S. Russell and two smaller vessels. After a refit at Pola, further cruises were made in the Aegean during which many hundreds of tons of shipping were sunk. After one such cruise they returned rather crestfallen but were :

> surprised at the rousing cheer which greets us. We knew of no success beyond the pitiful Greek barque *Propontis*, but we now learned that our barrage in the channel of Kea had bagged the British hospital ship *Britannic*, a magnificent vessel of 50,000 tons. . . .

Another cruise, in a different U-Boat, resulted in the sinking of a troopship and the submarine commander, Forstmann, did everything in his power to interrupt the work of rescue by a French destroyer which stood by, picking up the drowning men. A discussion in the ward room of the submarine followed this incident, which had left its officers with an uncomfortable feeling. Unfortunately, it is difficult to make out what Niemöller himself felt. But pity seems to have had no part in it.

> We junior officers knew nothing and cared less about theological problems. But we did see that situations involving spiritual bankruptcy did arise in which it was utterly impossible to preserve a clear conscience. And the question of whether we are to perish in despair or defiance, or survive all trials with a live conscience, depends wholly and solely on whether we believe in the forgiveness of sins ! . . . This 25th of January was the turning point of my life, because it opened my eyes to the utter impossibility of a moral universe. . . . However, the memories of the incident were soon dimmed. . . . Two days later I wore my Iron Cross I, with a feeling I had earned it.

* * *

The submarines did not always know even the nationality of the ships they attacked. Niemöller was proud of his work and when he came to command his own ship made a most daring, efficient and resourceful officer. By that time the palmy days of the submarine were over and he was as often the hunted as the hunter. He had several miraculous escapes. On one occasion his boat was hit by the torpedo of a French submarine which failed to explode. The sufferings and discomfort of all on board are well described. In spite of his saying that the men drowning from the troopship marked a turning point in his life, nothing which occurred during the war really shocked Niemöller's conscience.

> I accepted all the horrors of the war as a matter of course and without being shaken to the depths of my soul, even if I cannot deny that the dread question as to the future of our nation in the event of defeat did constantly oppress me in moments of rest and when I was on leave. What did shake my soul to its innermost depths and forced me to seek a clear and definite issue for myself was the Revolution, which was not merely an upheaval, but a complete break-up. A whole world sank under me at that time ; there remained the question . . . whether we would permit God's truth and supremacy, His law and His mercy, to count in our lives, which must come to an end without Him, and to count in the life of our people, which likewise cannot exist without Him.

Niemöller got his boat back safely to Kiel after the Armistice, but unconditionally refused to command her when she was surrendered to the British Fleet. So strong was his hatred of Socialism that he could not contemplate work in any of the public services of the Republic. He spent several months learning Spanish as he intended to emigrate to the Argentine since he felt that he was a stranger in his own country. This plan was dropped in favour of farming in Westphalia and he became convinced that a new beginning could only be made on the basic principles of morality : family life and the Church must be the inspiration of a New Germany. Suddenly, however, he felt that he should enter the Church. For several years he and his young wife had a difficult time, while he took odd jobs and pursued his theological studies.

* * *

The call to the Church did not prevent active participation in politics. At the time of the Kapp Putsch there was no holding back the enthusiastic divinity students who enrolled in the Academic Defence Freikorps. But " the promised liberty was not to be." The corps did, however, participate in operations against the Spartacists and " We were greeted on all sides as liberators from the hell of Bolshevism." Niemöller was offered a commission in the Reichswehr, but he " simply could not do it," just as he could not bring himself to enter the occupied areas in order to study at Bonn University. On the other hand he felt there was nothing inconsistent with his chosen career in being asked to run a contraband cargo of munitions into Turkey, which was then at war with Greece. Actually he missed getting that job. While he was still studying for his examinations he got work as a platelayer. Luckily he lived near the railway so that he was able to get to work and to come home unobserved. He felt that to have been seen by his neighbours would have been a social disgrace.

> The most trying feature of it all was the intimate contact with the city workmen without any privacy or class distinction.

Then he passed his examination, spent the required period as a curate, and was ordained. After his first sermon he came home and baptised his son in front of a window draped with the flag of UC67. It will be clear by this time that absolute courage and unswerving loyalty to the order in which he was brought up are Dr. Niemöller's qualifications. He believes without reserve in the faith of his fathers. The English liberals and lovers of freedom will be continually reminded in this earlier part of the book, of their deep antipathy to the ruthless spirit of Imperial Germany. What follows, written with great sympathy and understanding by the Dean of Chichester, shows that there was more in common between English liberalism and the Germany of Dr. Niemöller's allegiance than could have been thought possible. Dr. Niemöller is a Christian. He believes in a sanction above those of race, country and political expediency. He believes that God is not German, Jesus Christ not Aryan, and that the Christian Church is universal. Dr. Duncan-Jones gives an admirably clear summary of the events which led to the formation of the Confessional Church and quotes the statement of Evangelical Principles which embodied the points on which Dr. Niemöller insisted :

> Jesus Christ, as he is revealed to us in the Holy Gospel, is the only Word of God, which we have to trust and obey in life and death. It is a heresy to say that the Church can and must recognise in addition to this one Word, other events and powers, figures and truths as the revelation of God ; it is heretical to say that the State, over and above its special work, should and can become the regulator of human life and thus fulfil the calling of the Church, and also to say that the Church must become an organ of the State.

Niemöller's importance has increased enormously since his arrest. The circumstances of his secret trial, and of his present arbitrary detention in a concentration camp with no prospect of release, have made him beloved and revered all over the world not only by all Christians, but by all who subscribe to a religion of love and to the brotherhood of man. Only six years ago such a position would have prompted the reflection : " If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness." To-day we are thankful for any light.

DAVID GARNETT

THE PURBLIND INCORRUPTIBLES

Rise of Italian Fascism. By A. ROSSI. *Methuen.* 15s.

A Puritan in Babylon. By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. *Macmillan.* 16s.

Politics, says Mr. White, is the second oldest profession in the world. But there are two sorts of politicians, the creators and the professionals. The former, whether they belong to the Left or to the Right, are revolutionary leaders, the latter are just people who have chosen politics as their profession instead of law or business or the Church. For them the political party is not only a livelihood but a spiritual home, and the creative politician who challenges the basis of their existence is a criminal unless or until they decide to switch their allegiance to him. In that case they become in due time his obedient followers.

The professional politician is a much abused type, though why it is thought that to serve a party is more disreputable than to serve a Church or a combine, I do not know. Perhaps it is because the politician professes to serve not his party but his country, but that duplicity is common to all professions. He is also supposed to be unusually ambitious and possessed with a lust for power: but, in fact, most English M.P.s have no more lust for power than most doctors or lawyers or a business-man. In every profession you can be ambitious for advancement, or ambitious for power or both. Most professional workers want advancement, a few want power and a very few want power for creative purposes. They are the revolutionaries in every sphere of life.

That is why a revolutionary party is a contradiction in terms. A party, directly it is well established, becomes the livelihood of professional politicians, with its functionaries, orators and business managers. The ethics of the old school tie flourish outside the Public Schools, and the professional revolutionary politician is loyal not to revolution, but to his revolutionary party. Herr Torgler's behaviour in the Reichstag fire trial was a surprise to some people who expected all Communists to be revolutionaries; and he was unfairly abused because he was only a conscientious professional politician. Such criticism is as ridiculous as demanding that all employees of Cadbury's should drink Bourn-vita. Had Rosa Luxemburg survived, or Dimitrov been a German, Torgler might have been the servant of a revolutionary Communist party. As it was, he remained the servant of a party led by professional politicians, whose party slogan happened to be revolution. And so Hitler came to power, and Torgler's party disappeared.

Signor Rossi's history of Italian Fascism up to the March on Rome analyses with complete objectivity the causes of Mussolini's success. They are to be found first in the character of Mussolini and secondly in the character of the Left Leadership. There was nothing in the economic situation which necessitated the victory of Fascism; on the contrary there was a revolutionary situation which could have been exploited by any party with a truly creative leadership. When, and only when, all other parties had failed, Mussolini won. And he could not have won unless they had failed.

To what does Signor Rossi attribute the failure of the Left to exploit the situation for which theoretically they had been waiting so long? In a brilliant epilogue he sums up their attitude as the "planned defeatism" of a party engaged in "separating their own responsibility from those of the ruling classes."

> The party remains hidebound by its own limitations and instead of regarding them as such makes a fetish of them . . . The sheltered flock in the party ought to have been neglected a little in favour of the lost sheep wandering in their thousands over the waste land.

In fact the Italian Socialists and Communists were professional Labour politicians. Concerned only with "the working class movement," the whole of their ardour was spent on politics *inside* that movement. For them nothing existed outside "Labour," no politics beyond Socialism. Their world was as exclusively Labour as Mr. Chamberlain's world is exclusively Conservative.

This, of course, is the special danger of the professional. He becomes so engrossed in the controversies and ambitions of his party that he fails to relate it to the nation as a whole. He *has* a will to power, but it is a will to power in the party, not in the nation: he has a capacity for criticism and analysis, but it is so narrowly bound by party principles and prejudices that it fails to relate the tactics of party politics to the real issues of human welfare.

Mussolini brushed aside these party tactics. Perceiving the defeatism of Labour, he waited for Labour to defeat itself and then raised an army to defeat it. Sensing the nation's humiliation and the new feeling of comradeship among ex-service men, he created a myth, blended out of syndicalism and nationalism, which fitted their new discontents; recognising the key position of the middle classes he appealed to their sense of superiority by making them "the arbitrators" between Capital and Labour. Above all, realising that Conservative politicians sought power and privileges within the existing order, and that Labour politicians were waiting for a new order to come out of the heavens in which they should have power by divine right, he created a party and an order in which power was his. No wonder the professionals were angry: he broke all their conventions. I recommend *The Rise of Italian Fascism* to all Labour politicians. They should read it with care and remember that Fascism comes when the professional politicians of Labour have defeated themselves by neglecting "the lost sheep wandering in the waste lands" untenanted by Transport House.

Others will not forget them for ever.

If, however, the complacent exponents of pure Socialism and of unquestioning party loyalty want a comforting book, they should read Mr. Allen White's study of Calvin Coolidge. For Coolidge was a man to delight the heart of the professional politician. Brought up in the pure Republican faith, he never doubted that the Republican party machine was the sole instrument of God's providential dispensation for the U.S.A. Without a single creative idea in his head, he set his foot on the bottom rung of the political ladder and climbed steadily to the top. Of Yankee farmer stock, he had an undistinguished career at an undistinguished New England university, and became a small town lawyer and a committeeman in a safe Republican ward of Northampton, Mass. There he learnt the technique of politics, to serve the sinister interests without accepting any bribes except preferment and never to make a decision in a crisis until the force of circumstances had decided it. This technique he employed as Governor of Massachusetts and became a national hero by handling a police strike with Baldwinian lethargy.

Calvin Coolidge was a mean, cantankerous and insignificant man, but he had two redeeming qualities: he was personally incorruptible and had a charming wife. A dry and monotonous speaker, impossible in society owing to his shyness, and afflicted with a schoolboy's delight in practical jokes, he had no capacity for leadership; but he believed in the Republican creed that wealth was the only standard of value and money-making the only proper activity of man. He so worshipped wealth that he was content to enable others to make it without profit to himself. He humbly served in the temple of Mammon and asked no recompense except promotion to harder and more responsible service.

A Puritan in Babylon is really a study of the Republican party's place in the social history of America. If it is not itself contemporary history, it is an invaluable source book for future historians, and it is written with immense gusto, with sympathy and with understanding. In particular, I enjoyed Mr. White's description of Coolidge's boyhood and of the Presidential Convention which selected Harding as Republican candidate; but there is scarcely a page without an amusing anecdote or a vivid picture of real politics.

Labour politicians despise Coolidge of course. He was the President who winked an eye at the Teapot Dome scandals, practised dollar diplomacy in South America and encouraged the speculative boom of the late 'twenties. But if they look below the surface, may not some of them find a pool which reflects their own image? Coolidge was a faithful and honest party man, and, by the definition of some Labour leaders, a true democrat. He never budged from conference decisions, kow-towed to his executive instead of leading it, and recognised that the big bosses with the money bags should have the final word in all policy decisions. It so happens that millionaire Mellon held his purse-strings and thought him splendid; but in another environment he would have served Trade Union masters and won their patronising praise.

For the qualities of professional politicians do not vary with their ideologies. Nor do the structures of parties. It so happened that the Republican party under Coolidge brought America to the edge of disaster, while the Coolidges of Italian Socialism prepared the way for Mussolini. And it is just the virtue of the professional politician—his unswerving loyalty to the machine—which always precipitates these disasters. Can we find men and women in this country with the courage to save their country and accept the abuse of the purblind incorruptibles? I hope so, for there are times when narrow professional loyalty is not only a misfortune for a party, but a national crime.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The world welcomes Insanity Fair

In England Douglas Reed's book, a slashing, dynamic and incontrovertible analysis of post-war Europe, 'the book of a master patriot doing his formidable utmost to wake the British people to a sense of their tremendous danger,' has been quoted in Parliament, praised from pulpits, read and discussed everywhere. To thousands it has brought a new interest, a keener insight, a greater concern about what happens day by day. Below we print a selection from letters and reviews which shows how gratefully the world has welcomed this brave and illuminating book.

Reviews

NEW ZEALAND
'This book is vividly written, with passionate feeling but with an unclouded eye for the things that a reporter must see straight.'

AUSTRALIA
'If a book is to be judged for its message and its qualities of instruction and entertainment then this is the best book of the year.'

PALESTINE
'He has recorded his impressions with the most ruthless candour.'

SOUTH AFRICA
'It would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of this book.'

FRANCE
'He reveals the significant details which enable us to observe the world of High Politics in action.'

TASMANIA
'I do not think I have read anything much clearer in its cutting analysis of events and biting comment.'

IRELAND
'Nobody who cares for the preservation of the democratic ideal should neglect it.'

INDIA
'His book makes stimulating and incisive reading.'

AMERICA
'He is the observant reporter to whom Europe is a show-ground. He writes well. His contribution is a realistic independence of mind.'

Letters

HUNGARY
'It simply amazed me how clearly and exactly you—a foreigner—saw the situation in the different countries.'

OHIO, U.S.A.
'For the past week every spare moment has gone to reading your exciting and absorbing book.'

VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA
'I am writing to voice the genuine appreciation of many booklovers in this part of the Empire.'

FROM AN EX-SOLDIER IN CANADA
'It would do no harm, in my opinion, if every Mess in the Army had it at its disposal.'

SOUTH AFRICA
'To-day, September 20th, with the rape of Czechoslovakia an accomplished fact, I reread chapters of "Insanity Fair." I am writing to thank you for it. It is magnificent.'

NEW YORK
'It is a splendid book and a fine piece of writing. It is honest and definitely courageous. In these times it gives some of us a bracing lift to have an Englishman face the facts.'

HOLLAND
'I cannot remember ever having read a book which interested me more than yours.'

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Rabble in Arms. By KENNETH ROBERTS. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
A Heart for the Gods of Mexico. By CONRAD AIKEN. *Richards Press* 6*s.*
The Stronghold. By RICHARD CHURCH. *Dent.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Love in Our Time.. By NORMAN COLLINS. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Final Image. By DENNIS KINCAID. *Routledge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Rabble in Arms will probably be a best-seller. Mr. Roberts, of course, has done it before—his *North-West Passage* is already topping the half-million and has been serialised in half a dozen countries—but his present book should obtain equal success purely on its own merits. What are the requirements for a really record-breaking novel—not a flamboyant five-figure choice of the Sunday papers, but one of those rarer and more profitable triumphs that swamp continents and become as familiar as a proprietary toothpaste? First, there must be a good story with a unifying theme and plenty of action, realistic enough to be exciting, but sufficiently distant from the personal experience of any of its million readers to remain romantic and undisturbing. Most recent successes have solved this problem by choosing an historical subject and so presenting the most violent human activities without the least tincture of politics or economics. But even unpopular opinions are less distasteful than unconventional feelings (unorthodox history is more readily welcomed than original poetry), and so we must have nobly direct characters whose most complex sentiments never rise beyond eccentricity or intellectual doubt; the psychology of a best-selling novelist must be as unambiguously simple as Suetonius' character-studies of the Twelve Caesars. The best-seller, in fact, must be at once realistic and picturesque, simple yet convincing, broad in theme yet narrow in treatment. When a writer meets all these requirements can we grudge him his success?

Rabble in Arms is a highly entertaining specimen of its genre. The story covers the last phases of the War of Independence, beginning with the Americans' terrible retreat from Quebec, and ending with the surrender of the English at Saratoga. There are two heroes; Benedict Arnold, the great general (now pilloried as Judas in American school-histories), whom the ingratitude of Congress finally drove to desertion; and the narrator of the story, a rather Stevensonian young man who succeeds in being present at every major historical event, like those blurred anonymities who bustle behind Royalty in the illustrated weeklies. As usual, there are thousands of minor characters, all of them typical, and some, notably the Indians, very vividly described. A dimly sketched "human" story runs through the epic, but in the main it is simply dramatised history. Mr. Roberts combines obvious scholarship with an enviable power of description, and presents the tumult and slaughter of a confused war in a series of magnificent set-pieces. This is a book for the millions who find the shouts of the heroes and the sound of the trumpet more entertaining than Proust; it belongs to the inexhaustible tradition of heroic conflict that embraces both Henty and *Paradise Lost*.

Both Mr. Aiken and Mr. Church are primarily poets, and as Hazlitt observed, making one of his rare and lamentable puns, "Poets are winged animals and can cleave the air, like birds, with ease to themselves and delight to the beholders; but . . . when they light upon the ground of prose and matter-of-fact they seem not to have the same use of their feet." Mr. Aiken solves the difficulty by keeping in the air as much as possible, with the result that most of his novel is rather heavy poetics while his occasional steps on to the solid earth of hamburgers and rye-straights have all the exaggerated contrast of the sordid passages in Eliot. And, unfortunately, though he leaves the ground he never gets very far up. *A Heart for the Gods of Mexico* is frankly a melodrama, and tells how Noni, a beautiful, high-souled, infinitely tender young woman, finding she has only six months to live, decides to go to Mexico and marry a dull young man she doesn't really care for (and who doesn't know about her illness) so as to give him a beautiful memory to treasure, and enable herself to cock an obscure snook at the universe. The pair set off accompanied by the narrator, a tough, intellectual Jew with a penchant for quoting Shakespeare, and after a journey of "the fleetingest poignancy," Noni falls dead immediately on their arrival. The author clearly sensed something a little unnatural about all this, and continually reminds us of its incredibility with the disarming naïvete of a defendant protesting the inadequacy of his own defence. But he never explains the faults he tries to excuse, and plainly intends his book as prose-poetry rather than narrative. Mr. Aiken is clearly at his best in poetry, as a contrast between his prose and poetic styles will show. Compare:

> Peel an orange or dust your shoe, take from your pocket a soiled handkerchief and blow your nose as if it were, indeed, necessary to be natural—and speak, too, if an idea should recommend itself—tell them between flingings of orange peel or such other necessary details of your role, precisely what they are or what you are since, lamentably, they are so much the same thing.

with the rich if somewhat familiar imagery of:

> I was the pitiless and unanswering void
> Across the dark rondure of the turning world,
> And you were solitary as a bird,
> Fleeting and impermanent as a falling star,
> Strange counterpoint!
> Oh, it was as cruel as forgetting,
> Or throwing flowers onto the sea,
> This melancholy wreckage of a meagre past.
> Time with a hundred eyes, time the star-spider
> Was meaningless as the tomb.

Actually, the former passage is an extract from one of his recent poems written as prose, while the latter was culled at random from the present novel and arranged in lines; comment depends on individual taste. Like other more popular poets, Mr. Aiken is obsessed by the adjectival phrase and seeks to give meaning to the commonplace by the use of impressive and ill-defined epithets. "Huge," "prodigious," "vast," "simple," "terrible" and a dozen similar aids to grandeur continually recur, while the most unimportant actions are given significance by the addition of an unexpected (but by now, alas, platitudinous) adjective. Again to quote Hazlitt, "They startle and confound the understanding of the reader by the remoteness and obscurity of their illustrations; they soothe the ear by the monotony of the same everlasting round of circuitous metaphors . . . they are not copyists of Nature, it is true; but they are the poorest of all plagiarists, the plagiarists of words."

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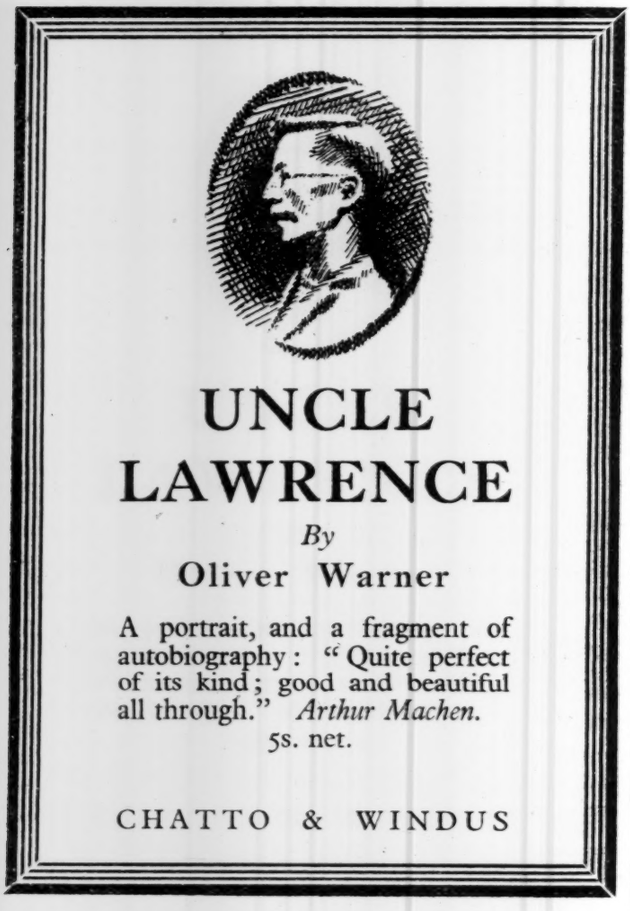
John Quickshott, to whom he introduced us in *The Porch*, and traces in great detail his love affairs, success as a doctor and emotional reactions to himself, women and the universe. The first (and vital) premise of the novel is that Quickshott is a special and sensitive genius whose actions and feelings are therefore interesting in themselves, and that, for the same reason, the emotions of the other characters are as important as would be those of Fanny Brawne. Unfortunately, I was quite unable to believe Quickshott to be anything extraordinary; and from the afternoon we meet him admiring the Thames at Richmond ("a scene whose Claudesque beauty so often attracted the painter, Turner"), to the night we leave him on the threshold of a new life, Mr. Church never rescues him from a strangling network of cliché. There are some good descriptive passages (including a horrifying one of an operation) and some bright flashes of dialogue, but then back we fall to that old-fashioned world where wise heads sit on young shoulders and people, in spite of almost superhuman efforts, doggedly persist in being laws unto themselves.

Love in Our Time is a pleasant, unpretentious story about simple people, with a plot, a moral and a number of excellent jokes. *Locale:* an olde Tudor residential road in Finchley, half of whose inhabitants spend Sunday in their gardens, while the other half drive to Twickenham or a road-house in their small sports cars. *Characters:* Gerald, wears light flannel trousers, yellow pullovers, co-respondent shoes; Alice (his wife) dim, conventional; Mr Biddle (father-in-law) simple, kindly, Commodore of the East Finchley Fleet of the Ancient Order of Mariners; chaps; bits of fluff; mothers-in-law; greasy doctors. *Action:* Unwanted child (Alice); unmarketable car (Gerald); unobtrusive charity (Mr. Biddle); happy ending (all). *Good Scenes:* A party; an undertaker's parlour; an evening at the London Casino; all the activities of the Ancient Order of Mariners. *Comments:* Excellent light entertainment written in an easy style with a quiet and mature sense of humour. Should be read straight through at a single sitting.

Mr. Kincaid, whose early death was a great loss to the scanty body of Anglo-Indian culture, was perhaps best known as an historian, and *The Final Image* is less a novel than a pleasantly informative essay on Maratha social life. There is the outline of a plot—the young daughter of a village headman is married to an old money-lender, but elopes to the city with a handsome young shepherd who finally meets a violent death—but the author's concern is less with individuals than with the types they represent. Life in a village, a pilgrim centre and a university, the various religious beliefs of the different castes, the conduct of sacred festivals, are unobtrusively presented in the guise of fiction or of casual conversation. Mr. Kincaid wrote clearly and well, and this his last novel should not be neglected by the admirers of his more serious historical studies.

JOHN MAIR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BIBLICAL INTERPRETATION

The Marxist Philosophy and the Sciences. By J. B. S. HALDANE. *Allen and Unwin.* 5s.

A Marxist convert of one year's standing, Professor Haldane delivered, in the early spring of 1938, a series of six lectures on political philosophy at the University of Birmingham. The lectures were expanded and issued in book form at the end of November. The first expounds the fundamental Marxist principles. As Professor Haldane is careful to warn his readers, he is not an economist or a philosopher, and the exposition of the politics and economics of Marxism follows familiar lines. It is when he comes to science, and more particularly to the philosophical aspects of science, that the fun begins.

Now as Professor Haldane rightly points out, Marxism, in addition to "applying to human activities," lays down certain principles which are said to "hold throughout nature." For though, as is well known, Marxism makes a point of changing the world as compared with the older philosophies which sought only to interpret it, the Marxist philosopher is by no means averse from "a spot of interpretation" on his own. Professor Haldane, addressing an audience composed mainly of scientific workers, was, therefore, wholly within his rights in seeking to apply the Marxist attitude to such apparently remote topics as Mathematics and Cosmology, and the Quantum Theory and Chemistry.

What, then, is the general Marxist attitude to science? Science, we are told, is not an isolated study concerned to discover the truth about the workings of the universe. There is, indeed, no such thing as "the truth about the workings of the universe." Science is "an activity depending," among other things, "on contemporary social and economic conditions," and the scientist's view of the world will be determined by the conditions within whose context it arises. Hence "the most that a Marxist can say for Marxism is that it is the best and truest philosophy that could have been produced under the social conditions of the mid-nineteenth century." We are not, then, to expect truth. We must be content with those views which correspond most accurately with the stage of economic development which has been reached by the society to which the scientist belongs, *or* which contribute most powerfully towards the advance of this stage into the next. I have italicised the "*or*," because, while it is never quite clear which of the two statements is the more correct, it *is* clear that they are different statements. To say that a view about the ultimate constitution of the atom is determined by a particular social and economic environment is not the same as to say that it serves the interests of the proletarian class in its prosecution of the class struggle. Yet both are offered by Marxists as accounts of what is meant by the word "true," when one speaks of a view or theory as being true.

The point is important because of the difficulty of discovering any specific relation between the views on science and the speculations on philosophy put forward in this book, and any theory, ideology, attitude, system or dogma about politics or economics, or indeed between the views and speculations and anything whatever, except the extremely fertile and ingenious mind which sponsors them. Take, for example, Professor Haldane's chapter on Psychology, which is of first-rate interest. (But here I must do Professor Haldane and Marxism the justice of mentioning his own realisation of the fact that his speculations on the mind have no relation to his subject. "They are," he says, "in no sense part of Marxism, but they suggest the kind of hypothesis which a Marxist might reasonably investigate.")

We begin, it is true, with an account of early theories of psychology which follow conventional lines. Plato's theory of the souls of the timocratic, democratic and tyrannic men, in the Eighth and Ninth Books of the *Republic*, is determined by the class

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struggle in ancient Athens, while his conception of the third part of the soul as a multitudinous congeries of self-regarding desires and impulses is conditioned, no less than is St. Paul's, by the circumstances of its origin in a society based on slave labour.

Coming to the modern mind or soul, Professor Haldane points out that, if Marxism is correct, this must be conceived of as material, but that when the Laplace conception of matter ruled the scientific roast, when, that is to say, matter really *was* matter, a lump of solid stuff occupying space, a material view of the mind was clearly untenable. To-day, however, the position is different. Modern matter is "made of" electrons. Now the electron "leaks through barriers," is influenced and pervaded by its environment, appears at times to act as if it were possessed of "perception and insight." Is an electron so conceived so very unlike a mind?

Another curious fact—Marx and Engels did not deny free will. What they said in effect—Professor Haldane quotes a singularly illuminating passage from Engels on the point—is that the mass effects of the spontaneous actions of individuals will wear a deterministic appearance. The effects are the direct results of a number of separate individual willings and intentions, but they will be such as nobody intended and the reverse of what everybody willed. Moreover, these effects are "always governed by inner hidden laws which it is possible to discern." The point is illustrated by a run on a bank. There is a rumour that a bank is in difficulties, and everybody rushes to withdraw his money, with the result that the bank fails. The result, which nobody intended, is the direct effect of what everybody willed.

Now has not all this a familiar ring? Is it not in fact reminiscent of the accounts that one finds in books on modern physics of the behaviour of electrons? Each electron acts independently and unpredictably, but predictability and the consequent appearance of determinism characterise the effects produced by the mass movements of vast numbers of electrons, which effects can be determined in advance by the law of mechanics. I am a little surprised to find Professor Haldane subscribing by implication to the idealist theory that the electron possesses spontaneity, but the analogy is highly intriguing and leads Professor Haldane to the view that "the mind has physical properties analogous to those of a single electron or atom." I find his suggestion that Platonic ideas are material objects characterised by small massiveness and indefinite localisation in space less plausible.

Professor Haldane's own mind being less like an electron than like a fountain continuously at play, it is impossible even to indicate the wealth of topics which gush through the book, still less to criticise their treatment. Here, however, are two parting shots.

The Marxist knows nothing, we are told, of absolute good, but recognises the relatively better; recognises, for example, that both society and mind are to-day imperfect; that the former will get better and the latter "will rise still farther." By reference to what standard, I should like to ask, does he recognise such things? Is this not tantamount to saying that there is no such thing as length, but that Professor Haldane recognises that a foot is longer than an inch?

Professor Haldane seems to think that to show how a belief came to be held has some bearing on the truth of the belief. If, for example, he can show that a particular view of mind is the product of a certain stage of the class conflict, he seems to imply that the view in question is somehow discredited. At any rate, we are no longer required to consider it on merits. But the reasons which lead us to hold that so and so is the case, do not tell us anything one way or the other as to whether it is in fact the case or not? Why do I believe that a certain train leaves King's Cross at — a.m. for Edinburgh? Because I have looked it up in the time-table. But this fact which causes me to hold the belief does not guarantee its truth; the time-table may be out of date. But equally it does not, as Professor Haldane seems at times to imply, guarantee its falsehood. The time-table may be correct.

C. E. M. JOAD

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The problem-picture has gone out of fashion, but alas, we still have the problem-title. Malachi Whitaker's comes from "The Ancient Mariner":

> And a thousand thousand slimy things
> Lived on; and so did I.

Next year, no doubt, authors will be calling their novels *Slimy Things* or *And a Thousand Thousand*; but what on earth does Mrs. Whitaker want with this absurd convention? Her title is the only thing I have against her book; which is delightful. Not an autobiography, not quite a journal, it combines in a most original way the qualities of both. We are given glimpses of her parents, her schooldays, her marriage—all seen with the astonished eyes of a child visiting; they bring the past sufficiently near. The present is conveyed in a comic and sympathetic self-portrait of the author as the months go by, aged 42, four years retired from writing, married, with two adopted children, oddly happy, growing plump, living in an old Yorkshire house, enjoying the country and paying an occasional flying visit to London. Her talent, you would say, as she appears basting a joint or serving tea to neighbours, is domestic—if it weren't that she writes so extraordinarily well. She enjoys her weekly night at the pictures, a walk and a bread-and-cheese snack at a pub, *Everybody's Weekly*, gardening, the new car with its rump sticking out of the garage, an hour's Wurlitzer on the Saturday wireless. Commonplace enjoyments? Yet, like everything in *And So Do I*, they seem astonishing when one comes to them. It is impossible to give any idea of Malachi Whitaker without quoting her; what one quotes is less important. Here is the account of her marriage:

> What it was that impelled me to marriage I don't know. This is the truth, that I do not know. I was used to Kay, I knew that he thought I was much nicer than I was, and nobody else had asked me. I had read of love, but dismissed it in my ignorance, thinking it was an imaginary thing, like heaven. For years, I turned my cheek for kisses, and it was not a bad sort of life at all. When I was due for a lesson, I got it. And perhaps I have learned something about marriage in the end. . . .
>
> We were married by a pathetic-looking little curate with a cold, who went to his lonely bed and died of influenza soon afterwards. There was no wedding feast. No wedding cakes were being made at that time [during the War]—or if there were any, one would have been far beyond our means. There were no flowers and no music. As I walked up the aisle, I wondered what on earth I was doing, and if Kay felt as silly as I did. The ring was too small for my finger, and the parson stopped the service to say in an agonised voice, "Wet it, wet it!" . . . But I realised, though my wedding day was both dull and ridiculous, that I liked my husband in a friendly way, and that he liked me too. We were glad to get away together.

Probably that speaks for more weddings than the average participant would ever admit; and perhaps the years of happy married life which followed are equally common. Malachi Whitaker is luckier than others in being both happy and honest to the point of appearing odd. At all those points where the usual autobiography deviates into falseness, *And So Did I* strikes one as being exceptionally true. Later on in the book, when the above passage had been written, she notes:

> My husband read the marriage chapter of this journal. Every now and then he said, "You shouldn't say this," or "You mustn't say this," or "You'll have to cut this out." So this is how truth is shorn of a fingernail, and then an eye, a nose, an ear, until presently you can't see the poor thing at all.

Her book gives the impression—an exceedingly rare one, let me say, in autobiography—that it is not difficult for her, in the least, to tell the truth. She is a vivid, ignorant, plain-spoken, shrewd, humorous, simple woman, with a talent as clear as spring water. I haven't read many of her stories, but putting together what I remember and the book before me, I get a remarkably clear picture of what she is like. She stares at one out of every paragraph. "Cow-eyed" was Homer's epithet for Hera, and it is the adjective for this queer, comfortable, and talented writer.

G. W. STONIER

ESKIMO

My Eskimo Life. By PAUL EMILE VICTOR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It's All Adventure. By PETER FREUCHEN. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

It will probably be better to treat these two books warp and weft fashion, rather than singly, *My Eskimo Life* being an intimate diary of its author's seven months wintering among a colony of twenty-six Eskimos on the coast of Greenland, Peter Freuchen's being a piece of nostalgic showmanship rather than any serious attempt to add to existing knowledge of Eskimo life, though it can be said to add a cubit or so to Freuchen's own already considerable stature. The difference between the two books is more than one of locale, the first dealing entirely with one small spot of Eskimo territory, the second hopping all over the place, from Denmark to Russia, Russia to Paris, Paris to New York and inevitably Hollywood, where Freuchen had the usual all-play-no-work experience; and much more than one of nationality and attitude in the two authors. If it weren't that Freuchen is already acknowledged from Copenhagen to Alaska as an indisputable expert on Arctic affairs I should take him lightly. Theatrical he certainly is, hardly ever missing a chance to dramatise a good story, such as his Russian adventure in a pit of dead babies which turned out to be dead cats, certainly never missing a chance to dramatise himself, and the book really should have been called *It's All Peter Freuchen.* Fortunately he not only specialises in self-dramatisation but has a by no means negligible sense of humour and will, I hope, forgive me if I call him a peg leg in a square hole. Freuchen, in some previous Arctic affair, suffered a severely frost-bitten leg, which went on paining him more and more acutely until finally, as he records in this book, there was nothing for it but to have it off. Hence the peg leg in a square hole, and hence Freuchen's own keenly dramatised nostalgia for Arctic life, which he realises pretty well for certain is finished as far as he is concerned. Thus, though this is a full-bodied book, with plenty of guts and fun in it, you get the impression of a man who, used to a diet of bear-steaks, eaten with the hands at that, must now be satisfied with the pancakes of civilisation, thin as cellophane and eaten with a silver fork. Freuchen had an Eskimo wife, and by her two children, but when this book opens she is dead and he is married to a Danish actress in Copenhagen, whose family is in margarine; under their influence Freuchen gets a job as editor of a magazine, hates it, lives a life of polite society, parties, lecture tours and more or less hates that too, then buys and tries to farm an island and isn't very successful, then loses his leg, and realises that, for all that matters, the Arctic days for which he itches are over. The trouble is that Freuchen is a big man. A diet of margarine and magazines is no good to him.

Contrast these five hundred pages of so-called adventure with Paul Emile Victor's seven-month stay in Greenland after the French Trans-Greenland Expedition of 1936 had returned to France, leaving him to winter with a self-contained colony of twenty-six Eskimos. *My Eskimo Life* was written on the spot, from day to day, generally very sketchily, sometimes a little more expansively, with people and not Victor himself always forming the axis of interest, so that it reads rather like the sketch book

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of a novelist, of someone primarily and at times passionately interested in character. (Victor's original part in the Expedition was that of ethnographer, for which see the appendices, and leader.) The book, as it started, put me off; the diary extracts were interspersed with cryptic headlines from the news of the outer world, "Franco reaches Spain, Military Dictatorship in Greece, Olympic Games in Germany, Death of Louis Bleriot," which were not added until December, 1937; the text was interrupted by more foot-notes than a school history; and to me the recorded events seemed too sketchy to be of permanent importance. Gradually this antipathy, never really strong by the way, wore off and the charm of the whole arrangement, by which the brief news extracts of the outer world act as an ironic but never aggressively ironic marginal commentary on the deeply traditional pattern of Eskimo life, began to captivate me. The thumb-nail, off-hand sketches of Victor's Eskimo companions, against the background of their daily life and customs, will enchant in the way that albums of snapshots enchant: Doumidia, a girl of nineteen, perfectly charming; her mother, Kara; the various children, Kriwi, fifteen and flirtatious, Yosepi, Azak, Tipou. Their lives, so affectionately and vividly dotted down by Victor, very soon assume a larger importance than "Police disguised as a pair of lovers and a drunken man arrest a kidnapper; the *Queen Mary* beats the *Normandie* and wins the blue riband; furious resumption of the Battle of Irun"; the building of Victor's hut, 16 feet 6 inches by about 20 feet and in height only 5 feet 6 inches, in preparation for the winter, is an event meaning more than "500,000 Nazis at the Congress of Nuremberg"; and in October the death of the old woman Yoanna is something far larger than the press extracts of a month later: "Jim Mollison flies the Atlantic, Divorce Decree for Mrs. Simpson in London," more beautiful than the alleged beauty of "Miss Spain becomes Miss Europe 1936," beautiful though the irony of that extract is.

> Over her breast they laid the jacket which had served her for a pillow, drawing down the hood to cover her face. Then they wrapped her in her two Kra, one of them an ancient sealskin, the other a reindeer skin, worn out and almost hairless, which Knut Rasmussen had given her in 1933. Tigayet took away one of the skins which was stretched beneath the roof for drying, and gave the thong to Paoda; and with that thong which had been threaded through the holes that long ago had enabled the skin to be stretched for drying when it was new, they tied her up from head to foot.
>
> "There, that's done," Paoda said.

Freuchen's book can offer nothing even remotely near the class to which this first-rate description belongs; all of Victor's book, on the other hand, rests securely in that class because it never aims to be in any class. It emerges naturally from experience; its temper and quality are dictated by the character of the man who wrote it and who, incidentally, without thought of giving any portrait of himself, has succeeded in depicting himself as vividly and surely as the hunter Kristian, the children, the gentle, gay, grieving Doumidia. During the Czechoslovakian crisis I remarked, all expletives then exhausted, that if ever I were to come on earth again, which God forbid, I would like to be an Eskimo, and it turned out that I wasn't the only one who thought of that. Now, reading Freuchen's book, the nostalgic, and Victor's, the glad, bright, little peep-show, there seems less reason than ever for a change of mind. I should add that both the photographs and the translation in Victor's case are excellent. H. E. BATES

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MODERN QUARTERLY

January, 1939

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LIVES IN MEDICINE

Doctors on Horseback. By JAMES T. FLEXNER. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

The Doctor's View of War. Edited by H. JOULES. *Allen & Unwin.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

50 Years a Country Doctor. By WILLIAM N. MACARTNEY. *Bles.* 15*s.*

The first of these three books is the best reading. To start with it is very much better than its title, and it is every bit as enjoyable as Paul de Kruif's *Men Against Death*. Flexner is not a doctor himself, and so the book is remarkably free from medical verbiage and clichés; the horseback period covers from the War of Independence, when prospective medicos were qualified by apprenticeship to their local physician, accompanied him on his rounds and made up his prescriptions, up to the discovery of anæsthesia in the middle of the nineteenth century. The doctors of the embryo community were faced with a double problem, not only of discovering a new continent, but for the first time they were exploring the human body. The author has taken a scientific approach, entirely hidden by the excellence of his style, to re-create six characters, all lions in their day, and each with a niche in medical history. Firstly John Morgan, who founded the first medical college in America, fought with Washington, and was Director-General of Hospitals. How dull that sounds! Yet this John startled Philadelphia, when he was in his twenties, by promenading with a green parasol, in days when the bulkiest gamp was considered unmanly. His life was a struggle with the obstructionist politics of Washington, then giving prolonged birth to a constitution, and he was finally ruined by the professional jealousy of a rival, whose finger was at the pulsehead of Congress. There is Daniel Drake, who acquired a living working model with a hole in its side, and he was able for the first time to watch digestion in progress. Again there is more to it than that, for the doctor was fascinated by the experiments, but consumed with loathing for the subject. Another tale is the discovery of anæsthesia, with three claimants for the laurels, young doctors in every case who would go with the local beaux to "ether jags," where they were mildly dosed by a travelling colporteur. This is a three star book.

The Doctor's View of War falls into the category of the "valuable little book," for that is its purpose. It is written by several leading doctors, with an introduction by Professor Ryle, in which he states that if all doctors refused to go to the front, or to assist medical organisations, there could be no war: which I am inclined to doubt. But they do point out that the Franco-Prussian war was the only major conflict in which more men died from wounds than from disease, if you count the 1919 influenza epidemic as belonging to the last European war.

Medical internationalism is dying out, the urge to preserve human life is being replaced by the urge merely to preserve the lives of one's compatriots in order that they may the more effectively destroy; medical advances will be as closely guarded as armament secrets. Therefore these writers press, that if the Geneva Convention is to be ignored, as it already has been in Abyssinia, Spain and Canton, and doctors are no longer to hold the status of a non-combating third party, the doctor must have a say in his organisation. These people place their hope in the

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STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

December 31, 1938

Liabilities	£
Capital paid up	15,158,621
Reserve Fund	12,410,609
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	464,249,757
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	8,734,236
Engagements	8,483,612

Assets	£	£
Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England		53,651,380
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks		17,813,029
Money at Call and Short Notice		25,089,239
Investments at or under market value		118,869,021
Bills Discounted:		
British Treasury Bills ...	27,035,202	
Other Bills ...	21,463,608	48,498,810
Advances and other Accounts		209,255,066
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements ...		17,217,243
Bank Premises and other Properties		9,689,274
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.		937,500
Investments in Affiliated Companies:		
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd. ...		1,795,836
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League, " which, with all its imperfections, represents almost an only available means of preventing war. New methods introduced for the eradication of disease often meet with prejudiced opposition, they have been at first disappointingly ineffective." But there have been Leagues since Castlereagh's Concert of Europe.

The book is not concerned only with politics ; there are chapters on war diseases, the doctor on the battlefield, and food and famine, which lead up to the political issue. They propose a conference of international Medical Societies which should issue a pronouncement " declaring the will of the profession that for the sake of humanity a system of collective security must be established." This trades-unionisation is an enormous step forward, but the methods proposed are, to put it nicely, a little out of tune with present-day conception. Engaged in the most realist profession, they are almost of necessity idealists, but idealism in 1938 is squashed between the boulders of factual oppression, and so, though this is a provocative and well-timed book, it is a pity, from the very goodness of its intention, that their suggested procedure should be so inevitably doomed.

Dr. Macartney's book will probably be appreciated only by other doctors, and then only by those who like a good slice of shop; here they will find enough stories to keep them supplied for fifty years. 50 *Years a Country Doctor* sounded like an enjoyable evening following a jovial old fellow round in his dog-cart, but this book is not so attractive as its title ; I found myself being bullied by Doctor Macartney, and yet unable to put his book down. He is an American, an aggressive American, full of what he calls " frivolity." For the first eighty pages he writes autobiographically, telling of his choice of profession and what decided him to take up a country practice ; the remaining 450 are descriptions of common diseases encountered on the French Canadian frontier (and anywhere else) and Dr. Macartney's treatments, from Medical Superstitions and Frostbite to Morton's Metarsalgia, with liberal doses of anecdotes. He has written first-rate chapters on fees and the doctor in court. This would be an admirable house-book for a medical student, and, to quote the blurb, " Dr. Macartney is a shrewd practitioner who doesn't hesitate to speak his mind." He doesn't. He is an overpowering personality and I dislike being bullied. RAYMOND ALDERSON

BRITISH WILD ANIMALS

Wild Animals in Britain. By FRANCES PITT. *Batsford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Frances Pitt is one of the most prolific of living writers on natural history (indeed I believe her quantity exceeds all others') and it is a pity that her wide and accurate knowledge is not accompanied by finesse of style. But what is our loss is perhaps at the same time our gain, for by means of her crowded journalistic method she is enabled to record a multitude of facts which might otherwise have been omitted. Not content with merely studying her animals in the fields and woods she takes them into her house, garden, and backyard, puts them in cages, locks them into scullery and parlour, presumably takes them to bed with her, and when they have been sufficiently tamed, leads them out for walks—with or without a chain. In her latest book, *Wild Animals in Britain*, she includes every animal (or mammal) from the shrew-mouse to the whale, and even writes paragraphs and adds fine photographs on the wolf and wild boar, which were wild animals in Great Britain at a very much later date than is generally realised. The only four-footed beast which she seems to have been unable to tame is the Highland wild-cat—for the reason that it is quite untamable. It looks something like a big domestic tabby, but nobody yet has been able to keep a wild cat outside its cage, its blood relationship to the domestic cat, which, Persian or smooth-haired, originally came from the East, being absolutely nil, and its unbreakable ferocity even greater than the tiger's. To many people also it will be news that the polecat is not a cat at all but relative to the ferret, especially as it will mate with the ferret. Other slightly destructive information is that the shrew-mouse is not a mouse, and that the angler's disturbing acquaintance, the water-rat, is not a real rat, but a vole, and should be called the " water-vole." The real rats are only two, designated as black and brown, the black rat (which originally came from the East during the Middle Ages) now scarce save in warehouses at sea-port towns. The black rat, it seems, was the chief carrier of bubonic plague, its ubiquitous presence one of the reasons why plague was so rampant during the late Middle Ages and Tudor and Stuart times, for it liked to have its nest in wooden houses, but with their disappearance it decreased in numbers, the brown rat, which appeared later, preferring less contagious apartments, such as drains. Both types of rats seem loathsome beasts, but Frances Pitt tells us that they make delightful and intelligent pets. Concerning a brown rat which she tamed, she writes :

> Poor old Whiskers came, alas ! to a bad end. He went out one day through an open window and was lost for a week. I then found him in an outbuilding, but he had been in the wars, having done battle with his wild relatives and suffered in the fight. He was terribly bitten, and, after lingering for some weeks, died from his wounds. He was but a large ordinary farmyard rat, but more than one eye was damp when we buried him.

Another animal of the rat kind is the grey squirrel, recently imported from America, a hardy animal which has now become a downright pest, and described as " the rat of the trees."

Some of Frances Pitt's most entertaining pages are about the otter, an animal which she was always able to tame. Anglers who hate this beast and regard it as a poaching intruder will begin to change their minds about it, for " it is an animal of deep affection and long attachments, slow to make friends and equally slow to forget them." It is the most playful, individual, and lighthearted of all animals, and probably also the most intelligent (at least the equal of the dog) with a memory that is very nearly human.

Nothing of primary importance seems to have been omitted from this book. Concerning bats I have seen them flitting over the Usk at midday, and on a neighbouring stream some of them one evening came out long before sundown, and were extremely troublesome, as they kept approaching the point of my fishing-rod. I feared that I should not find this unusual behaviour recorded, but suddenly it turned up : " Normally bats are creatures of the night, but sunshine does not incommode them, and I have seen the pipistrelle and long-eared bat abroad at midday."

Frances Pitt may not be a brilliant writer, but she is a careful and scientific recorder and a very interesting talker. And the many photographs with which she adorns and illustrates her book are almost beyond praise. HERBERT PALMER

HÉLOÏSE

Héloïse : A Biography. By ENID MCLEOD. *Chatto and Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Miss McLeod does not always resist the temptation to poeticise, as when she says, " Héloïse caught fire from him as the cool rose of a morning cloud flames at the approach of the mounting sun." But considered as a whole her book is a fine piece of scholarship and a creditable attempt at heroic portraiture. For the Héloïse who wrote those passages in the letters which are as great tragic literature as the most fateful utterances of Racine's troubled heroines comes to life here. Miss McLeod gives reasons for accepting the letters as authentic. They are good reasons but the question is one for scholars. What is of interest from the point of view of the general reader—who should not be discouraged from reading the book by the numerous notes and appendices—is that Miss McLeod's Héloïse has verisimilitude, an air of reality. By a skilful selection of quotations from Abailard and tactfully unemphatic comment, Miss McLeod creates a young Héloïse in whom the genuine passion for study is but part of a not less genuine passion for experience. Which is to say—experience in such circumstances meaning knowledge gained at first hand—that she makes her studious Héloïse a potential poet rather than a potential professor.

A poet, in the more comprehensive sense, is what Héloïse became. But like another great poet of her sex, Saint Teresa of Avila, whose youth was also troubled (though not scandalously) Héloïse proved herself an extremely able mother-abbess. Her nunnery was so renowned that Abailard's enemy, the redoubtable Saint Bernard himself, deigned to visit it and the bulls in which successive popes confirmed the rights granted to it by Innocent II are couched in " Phrases full of affection and praise for Héloïse and her sisters." Yet the able mother-abbess was a spirit in revolt. She had become a nun by Abailard's orders, but she was his wife and as long as he lived she felt that her real place was beside him. He was a priest and, after her uncle's attack on him, he was no longer a man. But Héloïse's love for him did not change.

In discussing Abailard's attitude to Héloïse after the tragedy I think Miss McLeod falls somewhat short of the greatness of her subject. She does not succeed in resolving the apparent discord

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Statement of Accounts.

31st December, 1938.

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LIABILITIES.		
Current, Deposit and other Accounts, including Reserve for Taxation and Contingencies and Balance of Profit and Loss	419,448,871	
Balances in account with Subsidiary Banks	13,632,314	
		433,081,185
Acceptances and Endorsements, etc., for account of Customers		14,933,082
Paid-up Capital		15,858,217
Reserve Fund		10,750,000
ASSETS.		
Cash in hand and with the Bank of England		53,241,449
Balances with other British Banks and Cheques in course of collection		14,873,119
Money at Call and Short Notice		26,207,550
Bills Discounted		54,594,153
Investments		96,876,802
Investments in Subsidiary Banks (at cost, *less* amounts written off):—		
The British Linen Bank—**£1,240,344 12s. 6d.** Stock		3,721,034
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Advances:—Customers and other Accounts	198,430,778	
Balances in account with Subsidiary Banks	1,022,202	
		199,452,980
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between the intensity of his earlier passion for Héloïse and the ten long years of absolute silence followed by twenty years of impersonal utterance. The loss of his manhood might not account for the change, but the " conversion " which would quite naturally follow, if it did not actually precede, his retirement to the abbey of Saint-Denis would surely explain it. Who is more impersonally severe, not to say censorious, than the converted sinner?

Miss McLeod's Abailard remains, nevertheless, a memorable figure, by turns glamorously brilliant and cynically wanton, chivalrous, cruel, critical of himself, not less critical of others, but at all times quite evidently a man of very great genius. And against the two stormy protagonists of the great drama, Miss McLeod places the sympathetic figure of Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Cluny, who brought them both to greater peace than they could possibly have known without him. It is he who, by his goodness, brings the terrible story to an end in an atmosphere of something like classical serenity.

Apparently there has not hitherto been any straightforward " life " of Héloïse. It was therefore a very considerable task that Miss McLeod set herself, and it is high praise to say she has performed it not unworthily. But now that it is finished one may ask her whether she still believes that the twelfth century was " an age of rougher manners and customs " than our own. Surely the manners and customs of every epoch are mirrored in its art, and is there any art being produced in any part of the civilised world to-day that is as gracious as the twelfth century sculptures at Vézelay, Autun, Moissac and Loches?

THOMAS MCGREEVY

In Defence of Dr. Benes and Czech Democracy. By EUGENE LENNHOFF. *Rich and Cowan.* 5s.

This book provides a good deal of valuable information in a not quite sufficiently convincing way. In view of the ferocities of Nazi propaganda and oratory it is important that Dr. Lennhoff's vindication of Dr. Benes with regard to the Sudeten German question should be clearly understood; a serious student of that unhappy problem is, indeed, constantly impressed by the available evidence of Dr. Benes' conciliatory behaviour towards the Sudeten Germans, behaviour which was never advertised, but, on the contrary, rather concealed.

There are two main questions with regard to the Czech crisis of 1938 which have not yet received a satisfactory answer; the first is why did not Czechoslovakia fight even if she had at first to fight alone, the second why did she find herself isolated? To the first of these questions Dr. Lennhoff provides an ample reply in the name of a Czech official who said to him, " Only Russia . . . was ready to come to our assistance, but we were left in no doubt that a war waged by Czechoslovakia with Russia at her side would not be a war against Germany alone. The whole of Europe, including England and France, would have taken up the attitude that such a war was a war of ' Bolshevism against Europe.' " This was Dr. Benes' final consideration. But, his critics insist, why had he left his country without real friends? Might he not, for instance, have kept on good terms with Poland? It is here that Dr. Lennhoff is a little too vague. It would be possible to show very much more precisely how Dr. Benes, perfectly aware though he was of the barbarism rampant in the world, yet staked his fortune upon the success of civilising forces. It was a brave risk to take, and who can say with certainty that in the long run Benes was mistaken?

A New Deal for Nurses. By G. B. CARTER. *Gollancz.* 5s.

Miss Carter, who has been Supervising Sister of the Out-Patient Midwifery Department of University College Hospital, and subsequently Inspector of Midwives at Manchester, has written a book that ought to make its readers take a more active interest in the conditions under which the nursing profession works. Economically, it is true, the nurse's position has improved in recent years—simply because the hospitals could not get enough nurses at 'tweeny maid wages. Still the conditions under which most hospital nurses have to work and live remain a scandal, to which we are all party. When we are really ill, we are likely to see more of our nurse than of anybody else, and the most cultivated and the most uncultivated of us alike can but hope that our ministrant may be not only an expert dresser of our wounds, smoother of our pillows, and doler out of our prescribed medicine, but also a sensitive human being, companionable, understanding and responsible. Under the regulations that to-day exist in the majority of hospitals, one can but be amazed at the number of noble, generous-souled women who are prepared to sacrifice their freedom, to accept so meagre a material wage, and to put up with the ridiculous and often humiliating conventions of the hospital nurse's life. If we treated them at all fairly and intelligently, we could raise the quality of all nurses to the standard of this minority. As things are, hospitals are obliged to take on great numbers of young women, utterly unsuitable for the nursing profession, which, three times out of four, they have joined for the simple reason that no other way of "respectably" earning a subsistence has been open to them. If we are to regard nursing as a true profession, and are to build up a nursing service technically and culturally competent for the highly specialised work which the advances in medicine and surgery on the one hand, and our changed notions of social relations and of individual rights on the other, have made possible and desirable, a complete reorganisation not only of the conditions under which hospital nurses work, but also of their technical and cultural training is necessary.

In this book Miss Carter puts before us a practical programme. She is all for removing the present ridiculous and unnecessary restrictions on the nurse's freedom and initiative, and, of course, advocates a shortening of hours and a raising of salaries, so as to bring them a little nearer to decency level; but she is even more concerned with the building up of a true profession with its own standards of honour and dignity and culture and good craftsmanship.

The Design of Nursery and Elementary Schools. By H. MYLES WRIGHT and R. GARDNER-MEDWIN. *Architectural Press.* 10s. 6d.

Environment plays a very important part in education, as was recognised in the Hadow Report. This Report is now the basis of our educational system, and in order to carry out its recommendations a large number of new schools are needed, for some 800 old schools are still on the black list. This book is an architect's guide to making these new buildings as efficient as possible. Nursery Schools, Junior Schools, and Senior Schools are dealt with in great detail. The dimensions and equipment needed are given, though not in the tabulated form that would be the most convenient, and the question of the relation of the various parts of the building so as to give the best plan is thoroughly discussed. The authors emphasise that there is sure to be evolution in the design of schools, and for that reason, lightly built structures, probably of wood, which can be written off in 30 or 40 years, are most suitable at the moment. To the layman the chief interest in this book is in the pictures and the portion on modern methods of light construction. The schools, here illustrated, of France, Switzerland, Austria, Sweden, and the United States, are much more beautiful than the English ones, with the exception of Gropius' and Fry's at Impington, Cambridgeshire. If, however, the young architects were given a chance we might soon see an end to this deplorable state of affairs. Among foreign examples, Neutra's Californian Schools are the most impressive, for he has handled steel and glass in a poetic yet practical way, so that besides being in the modern movement his buildings are beautiful, giving the sense of freedom, spaciousness and logic of which we have heard so much and seen so little. It is significant that he has been experimenting with prefabrication. The photographs and plans in this book are numerous and good. We hope that it will find its way into the hands of many education committees.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

DURING the past two or three years the gramophone repertory has been notably enriched by a long series of Mozart Piano Concertos, to which all the companies have contributed. Of the nineteen mature works in this form beginning with the *E flat* (K.271), sixteen are now available on records, mostly in very satisfactory versions. This month brings two: a new recording of the famous *C minor* (K.491) written just before *Figaro*, and a first recording of the *C major* (K.502), written just after *Figaro*. This *C major* is one of Mozart's noblest compositions, and no Mozartian need hesitate to order the Decca album of four records, played by Kathleen Long in her coolest and most delectable style and excellently accompanied by the Boyd Neel Orchestra. Why this concerto should be so seldom played is as much a mystery as why so many of Schubert's greatest songs are never sung. The design of the first movement is exceptionally grand and spacious, but there is nothing cold about the music: indeed the second subject is one of Mozart's most delicious inspirations—and one to which Miss Long does full justice. The *andante* is in the key of F, a romantic dreamy movement which recalls the slow movements in the same key of the *Jupiter* Symphony and of the *C major Concerto* (K.467). In this movement there are one or two passages where I could do with a finer shading and more precise attack than Mr. Neel has managed to get from his men; perhaps they were not granted sufficient rehearsal. And in the Rondo the soloist might have allowed herself a touch of *bravura*, a little more devil; her abhorrence of vulgar display robs the conclusion of some of its legitimate brilliance. But these are small flaws in a set which should win a wide popularity by its solid musical value. The *C minor* concerto is played by the French pianist Robert Casadesus on 3½ Columbia records, the odd side being occupied by the *D major Rondo* (K.485); the " Orchestre Symphonique of Paris " is conducted by Eugène Bigot. It is, on the whole, an exemplary performance pianistically; but comparisons are inevitable with the Fischer set produced a year ago by H.M.V., and, orchestrally at any rate, the older version scores. Especially in the daring and passionate first movement, the French records sound a little timid and distant: a result due

Company Meeting

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THE Seventeenth Annual General Meeting of Michael Nairn and Greenwich, Limited, was held on January 17th in London.

Sir Michael Nairn, Bart., the chairman, said (in part): The history of the Nairn Company since 1847 has been one of unbroken continuity and progress. The net revenue for the year under review receivable from investments, etc., amounts to £241,195, which compares with £255,591 for 1937, but the comparatively small reduction is largely accounted for by the increase in the standard rate of income tax. The Board recommend the payment of a final dividend of 7½ per cent., together with a bonus of 2½ per cent., less income tax. In a year of great anxiety and recurrent international crises we are fortunate in being able to maintain the same dividend as we have paid since 1923, and at the same time to repeat the payment of a bonus of 2½ per cent., which has now augmented our dividend for four years.

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The Prime Minister stated, early this year, that in his view 1939 would prove more peaceful than 1938 and if that view is correct I see no reason why the new year should not see an expansion in trade. The state of trade in America is always reflected in industrial conditions in this country, and there are distinct signs of trade recovery in the United States at the present time. The Anglo-American trade agreement which has just been concluded should materially increase the volume of business between the two largest trading countries in the world and lead to a closer union, both political and economic, of the two great English-speaking races.

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in part to over-discreet recording, in part to a certain lack of drive in the orchestral playing. Casadesus is a rather more accomplished pianist than Fischer, and his performance in the slow movement is exquisite. Indeed, I advise all who can do so to hear a little of both versions before making their decision; it will be by no means an easy one, for even in the first movement, where the vigour of the Fischer set is so much to my taste, I find the cadenza played by Casadesus superior in style to Fischer's over-elaborate concoction.

The albums of the Delius Society appear at long and irregular intervals; the second contained his greatest work, *Sea Drift*, and a third has just arrived, devoted principally to those "Variations on an old Slave Song" which he called by the beautiful Indian name for North America, *Appalachia*. This work, though it was not written until 1902, was directly inspired by the singing of the negroes on the remote plantation in Florida to which the composer escaped in 1884 with the curious intention of growing oranges. The theme is not unlike the tenor solo which begins the *Rigoletto* Quartet: an expressive, plaintive melody which lends itself naturally to glowing chromatic harmonisation. The listener who is not positively antipathetic to Delius is certain to be delighted with any one of the ten sides which contain the work, though the texture becomes monotonous in time and there are too many variations of similar mood. But the effect of introducing the chorus in a few wordless bars at the end of the later variations is wonderfully poetic; as though the music had summoned up the unseen spirits of nature. At the end words too are added, mere snatches of negro doggerel ("Oh, Honey, I am going down the river in the morning"), there is a fine choral climax, and the music broadens and quietens away to nothing. No doubt it is too long and, like Gauguin, too picturesque; certainly it is not music to live with. Why should it be? I do not want to spend my life on an orange-grove listening to darkies singing over the river, but it is pleasant sometimes to dream of such a life. Like all the best of Delius, *Appalachia* contains passages of a honeyed nostalgia unique in music. Sir Thomas Beecham's performance and the Columbia recording are simply impeccable; the album is completed by the *Irmelin* Prelude and *La Calinda*, two pretty trifles which were played as entractes in *Koanga*, and the Final Scene from *Hassan*, which seems to me quite unworthy of inclusion.

His Master's Voice issue a new and very splendid 6-record album of Tchaikovsky's *Pathetic Symphony*, played by the Berlin Philharmonic under Furtwängler. This conductor always takes particular trouble to ensure beauty of orchestral tone and good balance, but I confess that I find his very mannered reading a little tiresome: the slow parts so very, very slow, all the contrasts hotted up, and so on. All other versions take only 5 records, and the finely recorded Telefunken set played by Mengelberg and his Amsterdam orchestra seems more direct and sincere and therefore more moving than all Furtwängler's elaborately calculated *tempi* and dynamics. But as an exhibition of technique the Berlin performance is grand. So is the New York Philharmonic under Barbirolli in Tchaikovsky's *Francesca da Rimini*, but here the brilliant performance is obscured by the usual harsh American reproduction, and I look forward to hearing Barbirolli record again under happier circumstances. The music is complete on 2½ H.M.V. discs, the odd side being left blank. Mendelssohn's *First Piano Concerto in G minor*, though far inferior to the great *Violin Concerto*, contains much charming music, especially a fine transition between the first two movements; and it is well worth getting in a cheap version complete on two Columbias and played by Ania Dorfman and the L.S.O. (Goehr). She is at her best in the showy finale, but misses some of the possibilities of the slow movement. Much of Beethoven's occasional music is trivial, but Weingartner has unearthed a delightful set of *Eleven Viennese Dances* in which he conducts the London Philharmonic Orchestra with all possible grace, adding a Larghetto from the *Egmont* music to complete the second Columbia record. William Walton completes the recording of his two *Façade* Suites by a single H.M.V. containing "Noche espagnole" and "Old Sir Faulk": the other side contains his *Siesta*. Two earlier records gave us the rest of *Façade*, which is far and away the best light music of our time.

There is only one record of chamber music, but it is outstandingly good. Eileen Joyce, Temianka and Sala have joined forces in the Arensky *Trio in D minor*, on 3 Parlophone records. Eileen Joyce never makes a bad record (when is she to be allotted a concerto?) and her work in this performance is quite masterly; she seems to have infected her colleagues and even the recorders with her vitality, enthusiasm and sheer efficiency, and the result is one of the best chamber music sets I have heard for some time. Only a very narrow musician could turn up his nose at the music, full of life, invention and melodic charm; except for the Scherzo there is nothing trivial in it, and even the Scherzo pleases when played so brilliantly as this. Parlophone issue another single record which is practically flawless: it is Lili Kraus's captivating performance of twelve Schubert *Valses nobles*, which might well be used as a lesson to pianists in vital rhythm and subtlety of tonal gradations. Gieseking makes a Columbia record of Ravel's *Le Gibet* and *Vallée des Cloches*, and it is difficult to see how the rarefied appeal of these pieces could be better conveyed. I have lately had the pleasure of playing this pianist's Debussy *Preludes* "against" the Cortot set, with interesting results. The rich, deep Columbia recording tells heavily in Gieseking's favour, and in all the more sonorous pieces the new records show a great advance. But in things like "Minstrels," "Sérénade Interrompue" and "Les Collines d'Anacapri" Cortot displays a Latin gaiety and irony which is a little out of Gieseking's reach. The Frenchman's drier and firmer style reminds us that Debussy himself used an upright piano which "spoke the moment one touched it, no matter how lightly." Many of the *Preludes* are Manets, but Gieseking's warm, velvety tone turns them all into Monets.

Choral records are rare, and Columbia deserve our thanks for an interesting pair containing a varied selection sung by the Strasbourg Cathedral Choir. The first contains a rather dull *Adoramus te* which used to be ascribed to Mozart, but is attributed to Quirino Gasparini in the new Köchel catalogue, coupled with the famous Mozart motet (K.618) *Ave Verum Corpus*, rather too strenuously sung. The second record is more desirable: it contains a charming little chorus from Berlioz' *Enfance du Christ*, and *Ave Vera Virginitas*, a magnificent specimen of the great Netherlands master Josquin des Près (*c.*1445–1521): fortunately this is the best performance of the four. A further small Col. containing Victoria's *Ave Verum Corpus* and Palestrina's *Super Flumina Babylonis* is marred by rough recording of the Westminster Abbey Men's Choir and the (to me) disagreeable fluty timbre of the English male alto.

Tiana Lemnitz has recorded for H.M.V. one of the most sublime scenes in opera: Desdemona's Willow Song and Prayer from the last act of Verdi's *Otello*. This is a record which will be widely popular because of its intense pathos, perfect recording and wonderful atmosphere; the drawbacks are that Lemnitz uses the German text and is developing a clumsy quiver in the middle of her voice. Rethberg's record of this scene is far better sung and in the proper language, but it is less touching. I have often commended the Parlophone Historical Series, but some of their recent "Famous Voices of the Past" are by no means out of the top drawer; and Teresa Arkel's squally arias from *Trovatore* and *Pêcheurs de Perles* certainly did not deserve resuscitation.

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An adventurous big game hunter, alone on safari, fell into the hands of a cannibal tribe, whose headman he discovered to be his erstwhile fag. His sins are visited on him; he had bullied the black gentleman unmercifully at school, so disregarding former ties, the headman decided not to deviate from family tradition. However, before the basting, he allowed his captive, who had no family, to write a batch of letters, which he guaranteed would reach their destination. The usual prizes are offered for the best two letters, each not exceeding 150 words, written the morning of the ceremony to: (*a*) The Barmaid at the Clod and Pitchfork; (*b*) His Housemaster; (*c*) His Clever Friend; (*d*) The *Times*.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Jan. 27th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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DUCHESS. The Corn is Green. W., S., 2.30

GLOBE. Robert's Wife. Wed. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. Fleet's Lit Up. Th. & Sat.

LYRIC. The Flashing Stream. Wed. & Thurs.

PALACE. Under Your Hat. Wed., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Dear Octopus. Wed. & Sat.

S. MARTIN'S. When We are Married. Tu., Fr.

SAVILLE. Geneva. Wed., Sat.

SAVOY. Elephants in Arcady. W., S., 2.30

VAUDEVILLE. Goodness, How Sad! Tu., F.

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Also "*BRITAIN EXPECTS*" (A)

BERKELEY Cinema, Berkeley St. May. 8505
DARRIEUX in
"KATIA" (A)
Also PIERRE FRESNAY in
"*CHERI-BIBI*" (A)

EVERYMAN (opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285
MONDAY, JANUARY 23rd, for TWO WEEKS
CHARLES BOYER in
LE BONHEUR (A)
From the celebrated play by Henri Bernstein

LONDON PAVILION. (Ger. 2982).
Commencing Monday, January 23rd, from 10 a.m.
Paul KELLY, C. Henry GORDON in
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CLOSING JANUARY 26th

RESTAURANTS

A NOVEL competition is announced on page 97. RULES, Maiden Lane, W.C.2. Lunches, Dinners and late Suppers, licensed till midnight. Established 1780.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 462

Set by Roger Marvell

The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for the best set of three clerihews upon painters or sculptors, living or dead.

Report by Roger Marvell

The flood of entries has been overwhelming, creating, I gather, a record for these competitions, and if I quoted all the verses that amused me, I should need several pages. Some competitors overreached themselves in ingenuity.

Jacopo Robusti
Considered it justi-
fiable—by dint of hint or et-
iquette—to be called Tintoret. (Roland)

This excited more admiration than delight. On the other hand, I became very tired of Hals and pals, Giotto, or Watteau, and blotto, Rossetti and spaghetti, Botticelli and vermicelli. On the last of these William Bliss managed a very brilliant variation:

Sandro Botticelli
Didn't like vermicelli.
He wouldn't, on any terms,
Have attended the Diet of Worms.

I liked G. R.'s opening, "Sir Edwin Landseer Grew pansier and pansier" and his:

Zeuxis
A rival of Tuke's is.
The Greek painted grapes,
The other, shapes.

Miss Joan Bedale sent in twenty-seven clerihews, of which I preferred:

The late Mr. Jagger
Had no use for swagger.
Yet he modelled some tons
Of very big guns.

Mrs. Kate Blackie sent the most charming drawings which I wish I could reproduce, and I specially liked her:

Dante Gabriel Rossetti
Had quantities and quantities of confetti,
Unlike poor Canaletto
Who only had one confetto.

Here is an assortment, picked almost at hazard:

John Constable
Painted Sarum, not Dunstable,
So he was never at home
To Old Crome. (Roland)

Landseer
Was an animal-fancier
Hondecoeter preferred
Getting the bird. (Guy Innes)

They said to El Greco
"You're simply an echo."
He retorted, "Why not?
And of what?"
(Encolpius)

Canova
May be distinguished from Casa-
nova.
Though both attempted the nude,
Canova was less rude.
(Felix Aylmer)

I wish Tagore
Wouldn't draw.
His literary stuff
Is gloomy enough.
(John Usborne)

Catherine Mann
Does the very best she can
To make Art
Smart.
(Sidney Golt)

Sir Edwin Landseer
Rhymes of course with "deer."
How fortunate for pigs
He was not called Landsigs.
(Ellen Evans)

Sir Peter Lely
Was heard to say: "Reely
What I like about gurls
Is plumpness and pearls."
(Betty Askwith)

William Blake
Never went on the make:
They only gave him a few bob
For doing his Job.
(Little Billee)

The busts Dalou
Used to do
Were not shoddy,
But they lacked body.
(Richard the Rhymester)

How swell
Of Clive Bell
To give Braque
A good mark!
(C. J. Mears)

For God's sake
(Said Blake),
Look at Los, Behemoth, Oriel
and Job,
All crowding that tree in a mob.
(Alixandre)

Gerald Kelly
Never paints John or Nelly.
When at each show one sees Jane
One can only gasp "Again!"
(Dublin)

Leonardo da V.
Painted John the B.
I'm fonder
'f the Gioconda.
(L. E. M. Taylor)

Salvator Dali
Sé fichait du vulgaire hallali.
Afin de ne pas entendre
Il s'est coiffé d'un scaphandre.
(M. M.)

G. F. Watts
Had many pots:
And was ever toiling
To keep them boiling.
(P. Scammell)

I wonder if the son of Bonnet
Knows the work of Monsieur
Monet?
If not, I think it is a pity,
They are both extremely pretty.
(M. E. D. Biggs)

Grant
Is one of the painters who aren't
So much as mentioned at the
soirées
Of R.A.s.
(G. R.)

Rodin said if his *Penseur* or
Dreamer
Mated with Epstein's Rima
He did hope the son and heir
Would favour *le père*.
(E. W. Fordham)

When Lord Leighton
Was tipped out of his phaeton,
He landed in a position
Hardly suitable to an Academi-
cian.
(Nicolas Bentley)

About Frank Brangwyn
The people of Wales are over
sanguine:
They think that they can
Hang him next to Cézanne.
(Max Moore)

Jacopo Sansovino
Loved a real beano,
And, what is more,
Won the Derby in '24.
(A. W. Boyd)

Albert Durer
Naturally never heard of the
Fuhrer.
I wonder if the latter . . .?
But that doesn't really matter.
(W. Lesie Nicholls)

When critics told Lady Butler
That Art should be a bit subtler,
She indignantly snorted "Never!"
And painted "Scotland for
Ever!" (W. R. Y.)

One of Low's dirtiest cracks is
Usually directed towards the Axis.
On the other hand, he thinks Stalin
An absolute darlin'.
(Barbara Bentley)

To confuse Jean Francois Millet
With *our* John Millais is silly:
Millet was French, and had money
troubles—
Quite unlike the painter of
"Bubbles." (T. Palmer)

Toulouse-Lautrec
Behaved badly in a boatwreck.
Exonerating him, the coroner
Pointed out he was only a
foreigner.
(Theodora Benson)

Albert Marquet
Used to slide on the parquet.
Which enabled him to study
reflections
In all possible directions.
(Patrick Baggalay)

Leonardo
In a spirit of bravado
Hung upside down from the dome
Of St. Peter's, Rome. (Pibwob)

No one's wits were surer
Than those of Seurat
But people thought him potty
Because his pictures were dotty.
(C. H. Greenway)

Peter Breughel (père)
Was inclined to be unfair.
He would remark with boorish relish
That one of his sons was called Velvet and the other
Hellish. (Frederick Laws)

Edmond Kapp sent in a beauty, very honestly confessing it had already won a prize in another place:

When Augustus John
Really does stick it on
His price is within about 4d.
Of Orpen's.

In his new covey the best, I think, is autobiographical:

Kapp
Is a most unlucky chap:
People *will* think his pictures
Strictures.

I wish I could quote from a lot of other competitors, notably M. Hannam, H. A. Lawrence, V. H. Porter, T. W. Melluish, H. F. Rossetti, Robert Gaffikin, C. T. Dantan, Veronica Walmahof, E. P. White, Willy-Tadpole, N. C. H., Paul Dehn, Kay Oak and L. V. Upward. After long hesitation I recommend that the prize-money be divided between the competitors whose entries I will now quote:

Rembrandt, so they say,
Painted a lot in his day:
And a lot more since then—
If you believe some men.

Velasquez
Must not be confused with
Asquith:
One was an alien;
The other produced *Pygmalion*.

When Jan Steen and Franz Hals
Declared they were pals
Neither Franz Hals nor Jan Steen
Were fit to be seen.

A. J. Munnings, R.A.,
Knows all about hay;
But for an equestrian
His works are oddly pedestrian

Sir Anthony van Dyck
Was the sort of painter I like.
Almost anything he did
Is worth several quid.
THOMAS BODKIN

Hamo Thornycroft
Has gone aloft:
But his living kith
Includes Logan Pearsall Smith.
TOWANBUCKET

The finances of Constable
Were unstable,
But Watts
Made pots.

Said Pissarro to Sisley
"My work's pretty grisly
I don't mind telling you
I'd sooner have conquered Peru."

Paolo Uccello
Was an unsatisfactory fellow.
When his wife went to bed,
He studied perspective instead.

Bell, Bell, Bell, Bell and Bell
Painted well, rather well, fairly
well, not so well and—well!
But there's such an appeal
About a peal.

Why didn't Steer
Cut off his ear?
Such vices
Now command high prices.
CLARENDON

Der Fuehrer
Might have gone one better than
Seurat
But he preferred
To go a good many better than
Napoleon III. JOHN DUNBAR

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WANTED to rent from March 25th, unfurnished bungalow or cottage with modern conveniences, within 30 miles London. Maximum rent, £1 weekly. Box 3880.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 105

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 316.—THE MAD HISTORIAN

Dr. Gibboon, Professor Emeritus of the University of Oxbridge, died, as everyone knows, in an asylum. He had endeavoured—unsuccessfully—to resolve the conflicting demands of Clio and Urania. Among the papers which he left behind him was this:

"I have recently been exploring the implications of Henry VIII's will. Its contents were revealed to me in a dream. That much-misunderstood monarch left approximately half a million crowns, the great bulk of which went to the families of the two Queens whom he had divorced and to the family of Jane Seymour, who had died a natural death.

"The families of the two unfaithful wives, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, received almost derisory legacies.

"The relatives of Jane Seymour received one crown more than the relatives of Catherine of Aragon, while the square of the Seymour legacy equalled the sum of the squares of the Aragon legacy and the Boleyn legacy. It also equalled the sum of the squares of the Anne of Cleves legacy and the Howard legacy.

"The relatives of Anne of Cleves received one crown less than the relatives of Catherine of Aragon."

Specify the five legacies.

PROBLEM 314.—SEPARATION ORDER

At the request of several solvers, I am giving another week for this problem.

PROBLEM 313.—BRIDGE IN THE BOARDROOM

Solution by Dr. B. E. Jerwood.

Fifteen rubbers were played, each player taking part in 12. As the Beaver won all his twelve and only scored 80, his scores must have been, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and either 11 and 14, or 12 and 13.

The Bellman must have lost at least 6 rubbers, i.e., those played against the Beaver. As he only lost 21 altogether, his losing scores were, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6. And these were the last six games.

The Bellman must have won all his other rubbers, i.e., three with Beaver as partner and three in which Beaver was not playing.

The Baker lost as much as possible but nevertheless must have won three rubbers when partnered by the Beaver and one when partnered by the Bellman. In the last six rubbers the Beaver and Bellman were opposed all the time and the Baker must have played twice with the Beaver and twice against him. The least he can have won is 1 and 2, and the most he can have lost is 5 and 6. The least he can have won in the remaining game with the Beaver as partner is 7. In his partnership with the Bellman, the least he can win is 11, and this excludes the possibility of 11 being one of the Beaver's scores.

The most the Baker can have lost in his remaining six rubbers is 9, 10, 12 and 13 played against the Beaver and "y" and "z" played against the Bellman in the rubbers played without the Beaver. His winnings therefore were 1 and 2, 7 and 11, i.e., 21. His losses were 5, 6, 9, 10, 12, 13, and y and z.

y and z together must be as big as possible.

Now the Bellman won y and z and 11 and three rubbers played with the Beaver, and, in order that y and z can be as big as possible, he must have won as little as possible with the Beaver, i.e., 8, 9, and 10.

The Bellman's score in his six successful rubbers equals y, z, 8, 9, 10, and 11. This is given as 80.

Hence y plus z equals 42.

This makes the Baker's final score a loss of 76.

The Banker paid the difference, i.e., he lost 15.

The above solver (Dr. B. E. Jerwood, 28, The Drive, Leeds, 8) receives Low's cartoons. *Nine* points are awarded.

CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

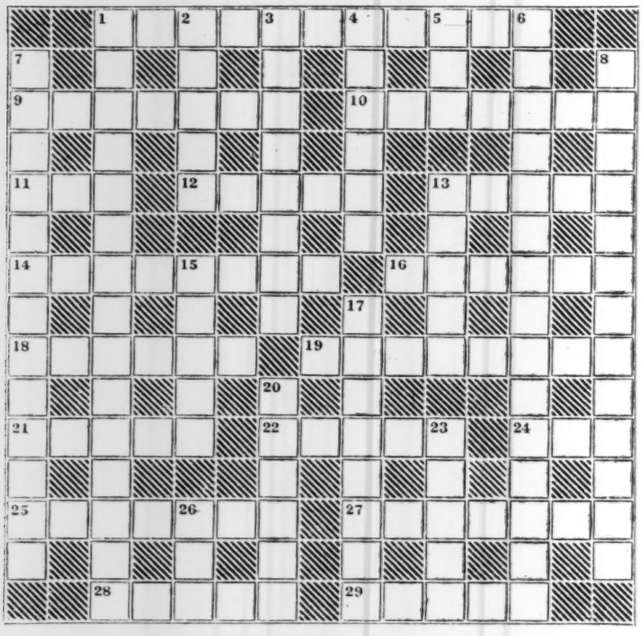
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 463

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Lady Shone, 41 Westcliff Road, Bournemouth West.

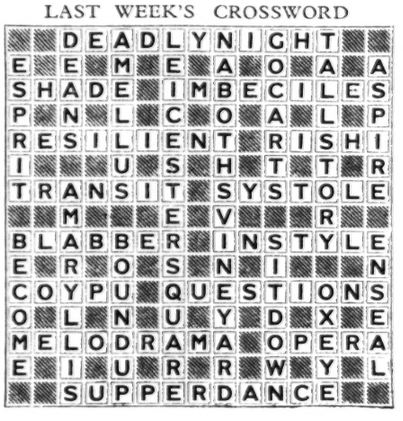
ACROSS.

1. An inter-national job as a rule. (11)
9. A smaller finish? (7)
10. He is not a domestic servant in the Army. (7)
11. See 24. (3)
12. There is nothing to connect the sappers with the street. (5)
13. It sounds as if he spends his time licking. (5)
14. She and Clive are always in the traffic. (8)
16. Where it was Summer Time. (6)
18. Quarrelsome sport. (6)
19. Study the 1916 battle front in France. (8)
21. Little trials of youth. (5)
22 & 27. The flavour of the Snark. (5) (7)
24 (rev) & 11 (rev). You would be literally 1 down if it did this while you were uncovered. (3) (3)
25. Port o' France. (7)
27. See 22. (7)
28. It is not tactful to get them out of people from whom one hopes for them. (5)
29. This way can be moving and uplifting. (5)

DOWN.

1. See 24. (15)
2. Not words of course, but the written word. (5)
3. Twelve in the back of eleven. (8)
4. Gregory the Great made a pun about them. (6)
5. See 26. (3)
6. Bulldog Drummond on the stage. (15)
7. Profitless turnover, sometimes accidental. (13)
8. It takes emperor and pontiff to make a poet. (13)
13. They always run for the Waterloo Cup, yet never win it. (5)
15. Signs of stormy weather. (5)
17. Lace lost, and found all torn. (8)
20. Of course they might be puddings. (6)
23. The last article on order for example. (5)
26 & 5. One might be entranced with such sight no doubt. (3) (3)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



APPOINTMENTS, VACANT & WANTED

BURGH OF GREENOCK, RENFREWSHIRE.

Appointment of Librarian and Clerk to the Public Library Committee.

Applications are invited for the position of Librarian and Clerk, at an inclusive salary of £450 per annum, rising by annual increments of £10 to a maximum of £550 per annum.

Preference will be given to candidates who hold the certificates of the Library Association and who have had organising experience in a modern Public Library.

The person appointed will be required to pass a medical examination and the appointment will be subject to the Local Government and other Officers Superannuation Act, 1937. Age not exceeding 45 years.

The appointment will be made as from May 16th, 1939, and will be subject to termination by three months' notice on either side.

Applications marked "Librarian and Clerk," accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials, to be lodged with the undersigned not later than February 18th, 1939.

Canvassing will be deemed a disqualification.

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R. H. YORSTON, Librarian and Clerk.

THE LONDON COUNCIL OF SOCIAL SERVICE invites APPLICATIONS for the POST of SECRETARY. Candidates should have proved their capacity for social work, and have had administrative experience in voluntary organisations and/or statutory bodies. A salary of £600–£800 is offered according to the qualifications of the candidate. Applications must be received by post before February 13th. Forms of application will be sent, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, by the Secretary, London Council of Social Service, 7 Bayley Street, W.C.1.

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FOR PRIVATE WINTER SPORTS PARTY to the GRISONS district, February, see under "Holiday Suggestions."

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FOR THE TABLE

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 105

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

IMPENDING CRISIS—WALL STREET AND EUROPE—CHINESE BONDS—BRITAIN'S BALANCE OF PAYMENTS

UNDER the influence of Continental selling the stock markets began this week to breathe an atmosphere of impending crisis. What form the crisis will take no one seems to know, but it is sufficient for Amsterdam and Paris to sell their favourite gold and oil shares to cause general gloom to spread throughout the "House." The chief sufferer has been the Kaffir market and in particular the shares of the developing mines. Jewish holders in South Africa are nervous about increasing Fascist tendencies in that country and almost everyone believes that the Cape Government will impose fresh taxation on the mines to pay the extra bill for defence. The shares of the developing mines have suffered because until the political situation is clearer the finance houses will be unable to raise in the market the millions still required for new development. On the cessation of Continental selling, Kaffir shares recovered somewhat on Wednesday, but the outlook is still regarded as gloomy. Among British industrials, where declines have been general, Courtaulds have been conspicuously weak. The market seems to be bearish about the American subsidiary of this company. It is said that the acetate process is beating the viscose, while Du Pont's new process may open up fresh competition..

* * *

Wall Street has been notable mainly for the diminished activity of business. Optimists are encouraged by the fact that the Dow industrial index has not broken through the November "low" of 146. It got within a fraction of that level on January 13th, but has since rallied to 149, as pessimism engendered by gloomy reports by Ambassador Kennedy on the European outlook temporarily wore off. So far as the internal situation in America is concerned, the House of Representatives has pruned Mr. Roosevelt's proposed $875 million Relief appropriation by $150 million; but, with this minor modification, Congress seems unlikely to obstruct continuance of vigorous "pump-priming." Steel output has picked up, since the holidays, to 52.7 per cent. of capacity; and the weekly production of automobiles is now 87,000—a comparatively satisfactory figure. Still more encouraging are reports of substantial domestic orders placed with machine-tool makers, in consequence partly of increased armaments activity. In general, the business background is sufficiently promising to provide support for the stock market at its present level. But I cannot see any factor likely to lift the Dow index above 150 so long as clouds continue to pile up on Europe's political horizon.

* * *

Once more, *plectuntur Achivi*. In other words, war in China continues implacably and the investors who hold Chinese bonds now get it in the neck. Last week-end the Chinese Ministry of Finance at Chungking announced that, since the Japanese are detaining the Customs revenues from the areas occupied by Japan's military forces, no further advances can be made for the service of Chinese loans secured on the Customs revenue. The announcement came as a disagreeable shock to the market and, as the following table shows, the bonds slumped badly:

	High 1938.	Price Jan. 13th.	Present Price.
China 4½%, 1898	99½	77½	72
China Boxer	81½	76½	67
China 5%, 1912	61	36½	33
Nanking Railway 5% ..	44	22½	19
Tientsin-Pukow Railway 5%	36	16½	14½
China 8% Notes, 1925–9 ..	22¾	13	12

The Chinese Government can be acquitted of any deliberate lack of good faith; it has already advanced $175 millions (Chinese currency) for the service of its loans. Last year the total Customs revenue still amounted to $254 millions, despite the loss of Shanghai; but, with Japan's strangle-hold extended to Canton and other ports, the receipts accruing to Sir Frederick Maze, the Inspector-General for Chinese Customs, will this year be only a fraction of that sum. Chinese bankers in Shanghai are reported to be urging the Chinese Government to endeavour to avert default by paying Japan the £360,000 annual Boxer Indemnity withheld since the war began. If this were done, they express the hope that the Japanese would fulfil the promise which they made to the British Government last May, namely, that they would hand over the share of the Customs revenue from their zones attributable to the loan service. It is a precarious hope; and there is little reason to suppose that Chiang Kai-shek will be prepared to do a deal with Japan on this basis, particularly since the Japanese are also demanding $25 millions of Customs revenue banked before hostilities began.

* * *

The December returns of overseas trade, revealing a £4 million drop in exports, were discouraging; and it is difficult to derive much satisfaction from study of the figures for the year. The contraction of international commerce is reflected in a fall of 9.7 per cent. in exports and of 10.4 per cent. in imports—aggregate values in the latter case being affected by the fall in primary commodity prices. Re-exports were down by 18 per cent. As a result, the visible adverse trade balance works out at £388 millions, in comparison with £431 millions a year ago, and £346 millions in 1936. Last year the Board of Trade estimated that the final adverse balance of payments, after deduction of "invisible" receipts, was £52 millions. The estimate for 1938 seems unlikely to differ very materially from that figure. Against the £43 millions improvement in the visible deficit there must be set probable declines of £30–40 millions in shipping earnings and of something like £30–35 millions in receipts from overseas investments and miscellaneous services. On the other hand, a 1937 import surplus of £10 millions on account of silver was turned last year into an £11 millions export surplus. It is questionable whether silver movements should be included in the calculation, but they are included by the Board of Trade, whose estimate of the ultimate deficit will probably be in the region of £55–60 millions. To this extent we have used foreign assets—i.e., reduced our claims on foreign countries—during the year in order to finance current consumption of imported goods. Since 1928 this process has made considerable inroads into our investment capital overseas. In view of the extent to which such capital has also been depleted by defaults, there is additional reason why the Government should get ahead with a vigorous campaign to increase exports. Will the Export Credit Guarantees Bill be pressed forward when Parliament meets? Or is the Government obsessed with the idea that it must not be "provocative" even in this field?

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This Trust adds to the usual benefits of a Unit Trust the safety secured by reserve fund accumulation. It pays five-sixths of the income every half year to the unit holders and reinvests one-sixth for their benefit. By this method it gives unit holders advantages of compound interest, as the growing reserve fund increases the capital value and revenue of the Trust.

£100 invested in 1912 in the thirty-seven largest dividend-paying companies in the different fields of British Industry, and managed on the lines of this Trust, would at the end of 1937 have been worth upwards of £258. Without reserve fund accumulation it would have been worth £176.

The fund is invested in the ordinary shares of the best British industrial companies.

On the basis of current prices and distributions the anticipated yield exceeds £5 13 8 per cent. This would mean an initial distribution to unit holders at the rate of £4 14 9 per cent. gross per annum, and the allocation of the equivalent of 18 11 per cent. to reserve.

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CVS—17

Company Meeting

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

MR. EDWIN FISHER'S ADDRESS

THE 44th Ordinary General Meeting of Barclays Bank Limited was held on Thursday, in London. Mr. Edwin Fisher (Chairman) presided.

The Chairman at the outset of his address referred to the retirement from the Board of Mr. William Favill Tuke after a period of 54 years' association with the Bank. He recorded the election to the Board of The Rt. Hon. Lord Cornwallis, Mr. L. E. Douglas Bevan and Mr. D. M. E. Bevan. Continuing he said (in part):

Current, Deposit and Other Accounts on 31st December last amounted to £433,081,185 and revealed a slight reduction from the figure of £434,645,323 at the end of 1937.

Our Cash in Hand and with the Bank of England at the end of December last stood at £53,241,449 and the ratio of this sum to the total of our Current, Deposit and Other Accounts was 12.29 per cent. Money at Call and Short Notice, which at the end of the year amounted to £26,207,550, is one that can very quickly be turned into Cash. On 31st December last, the bills we had discounted amounted to £54,594,153, which included £30,455,000 of Treasury Bills. At the close of the previous year our total of Bills Discounted was £50,362,681. The increase in our holding of bills was secured in spite of the fact that there was a reduction during the year in the average allotment of Treasury Bills at the weekly tenders to £40 million, compared with £43.3 million in 1937. It is essential for the efficient working of the banking system and of the Money Market that there should be an adequate supply of bills, and it is to be hoped that the Authorities will bear in mind the requirements in this respect in framing future policy.

The total of these four exceptionally liquid assets in our Balance Sheet represented no less than 34.38 per cent. of our Current, Deposit and Other Accounts at the end of the year. The chairman then dealt at length with the London Money Market and Exchange Equalisation Account and continued:

INVESTMENTS AND ADVANCES

The total of our Investments, excluding our holdings in Subsidiary Banks, amounted at the end of December last to £96,876,802 and showed a contraction of £5,546,593 compared with the end of December, 1937. Of this total, £89,527,002 were securities of, or guaranteed by, the British Government.

There has been an increase in the total of our Advances to £199,452,980 at the end of December last, against £196,264,896 on 31st December, 1937. They reached the record figure of £202,668,708 at the end of June; since then, there has been some reduction, but the decline has been small. The detailed analysis made at the end of October last shows that the number of Customers having Advances from the Bank was 216,210 and the average Advance was £893. The accommodation which we had granted to farmers, as at the end of October last, amounted to nearly £14,000,000, and represented about 7 per cent. of the total of our Advances then outstanding.

NET PROFIT

The Net Profit of the Bank for the year ended 31st December last, after payment of all charges and making provision for all Bad and Doubtful Debts and for Contingencies, amounted to £1,926,457 18s. 8d. The sum of £511,390 15s. 3d. was brought forward from 31st December, 1937, making a total to be dealt with of £2,437,848 13s. 11d. The Directors have appropriated £250,000 to Contingency Account and £150,000 to Reduction of Premises Account. After making these appropriations, the Directors recommend the payment of dividends at the same rates as previously, namely, 10 per cent. per annum on the "A" Shares and 14 per cent. per annum on the "B" and "C" Shares, less Income Tax, involving a total of £1,510,128 14s. for the year, leaving the sum of £527,719 19s. 11d. to be carried forward. Although one always hopes to see undiminished profits we have no reason to be displeased with the results or with the earning capacity shown by the Bank.

THE ECONOMIC SITUATION

The year 1938 will be inevitably linked in our minds with the crisis which brought us to the brink of war little more than three months ago. The immeasurable relief that swept over the World after the Munich Agreement has unfortunately not been followed by that confidence in World political conditions which is so essential to prosperity. Various factors in the economic situation appear to be encouraging, but in an atmosphere of unsettlement and restlessness there is a natural disinclination to do business or to enter into forward commitments until the outlook becomes clearer and calmer.

It is a sad reflection that in almost every part of the World human energies and natural resources are being diverted to increasing armaments, with the result that progress in raising the standard of living must be retarded, if, indeed, the standard itself is not actually reduced. In present conditions, the United Kingdom has no alternative but to take every step to perfect its defences to ensure the protection of the country and of the Empire. Our ability to undertake this burden is unquestioned. Nevertheless, we have to realise that this growth in unproductive expenditure creates increasing problems for those controlling our national finances, and calls for a close scrutiny of every item of the cost of Government, so that no unnecessary calls should be made upon the public purse. Fresh money will have to be found, and no one will envy the Chancellor of the Exchequer his task. The position calls for a delicate adjustment to be made between State borrowing and taxation, for with taxation at its present high level, it is important to do nothing which either diminishes the returns from taxation, or destroys the ability or the incentive to save.

It would be unreasonable to expect that this country could escape the decline in trade that has affected other nations, and it is, therefore, not surprising that, in spite of the growth of production for armaments, there has been a decrease in industrial output and a rise in unemployment. The tendency towards a lower level of activity has not, however, assumed serious proportions, and it is encouraging to note that the spending power of the population has shown remarkable stability.

OVERSEAS TRADE

Our dependence upon export business, as an outlet for a substantial part of our production and for securing to us the foodstuffs and raw materials which we need, is self-evident. The steps which the Government are taking, therefore, to obtain fairer competitive conditions for British products in markets abroad are of great moment. The proposal to extend the Export Credits Guarantee Scheme is encouraging. The Bill now before Parliament is designed to increase the amount and the scope of the guarantees which, judged on strictly commercial grounds, can be given through the Export Credits Guarantee Department of the Board of Trade in connection with exports from this country. The success of measures to facilitate exports, however, must in the long run depend upon industry itself and upon its determination to make the most of its opportunities. A study of the special requirements of overseas markets by investigation on the spot so as to ensure that the goods offered are those most suited to the needs of our customers abroad, would do much to raise British competitive power.

The signing of the Anglo-American Trade Agreement is no ordinary achievement, for, apart from the benefits which must surely accrue as an immediate and direct result of the Agreement, it will have a far-reaching influence, wide in its scope, and possessing infinite possibilities.

THE BALANCE OF PAYMENTS

The figures of our overseas trade in recent months have shown a slightly better tendency, although for the year as a whole both imports and exports are lower than in 1937. Last year, imports of merchandise and silver were £939 million and exports were £562 million, leaving what is described as an "adverse balance" of £377 million. In 1937, imports were £1,048 million and exports were £606 million, leaving an adverse balance of £442 million. To make up the difference between what we have to pay for imports and what we receive from customers abroad for our exports, we rely on "invisible exports." It may be that, taking all the various factors into consideration, there will be some reduction in the total of our invisible receipts for the year 1938, for one has to bear in mind that in 1937 general trade was more active than during the past year. It is for this reason that one is glad to see the decline in the adverse balance of visible trade, although it has not come about by reason of increased exports but of reduced imports.

The importance to this country of its income from external capital, which in 1937 yielded a net amount estimated at £220 million, emphasises the need wherever possible to build up our resources abroad. The restrictions which, in present conditions, it has been found necessary to place on foreign lending by this country can be well understood. Apart from such restrictions, however, investors are naturally hesitant to venture their capital in new enterprises.

The passing of the year 1938 leaves us with few regrets. But if it has been memorable for the anxious times through which we have passed, it has also been memorable for the steadiness and solid purpose which have been displayed by the nation, even when conditions seemed most threatening. Events have crowded in, one upon the other, with great rapidity, and hopes, based upon a state of affairs to-day, too often become dissipated in the changing tide of events on the morrow. Who can speak with any certainty of the future while the present uncertainty in international affairs persists? If the feeling of unsettlement could be dispelled, economic improvement would surely follow. Business enterprise has been held in check, but, in a clearer and more certain atmosphere, there is no doubt that confidence would be re-born, that funds now awaiting investment would be made available and British trade would receive that fresh impetus which is so much needed. In any event, there is no room for pessimism in our creed. Let there be faith in the future, faith in the ability of this country to surmount its own difficulties, and faith that the efforts which are being made in the cause of World peace will not be set at naught.

The report was unanimously adopted.